

PSYCHO IV: THE BEGINNING

Written

by

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TITLES:

Brief flashes of very tight shots, separated by stretches of BLACK and CREDITS: VU meters, stuffing and stitching up a TURKEY; a birthday cake being prepared; flipping through a variety of radio stations.

FADE IN (AFTER TITLES)

1 INT. RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT

1

Starting extremely close on the face of RAYMOND LINETTE, an uneasy, sorry-looking twenty-two-year-old with hair too neatly combed, a grayish shirt and a badly knotted skinny leather tie. As he speaks, in a voice that is oddly sweet, he stares off with eyes that look like they've gazed too intently into hell.

RAYMOND

She always knew I'd kill her someday. She used to say, 'One of these days you're gonna take a shot at me, right?' Then she'd say, 'And you know what? -- you're gonna miss.'

(a pause, for emphasis)

Her last words were, 'You'll never amount to anything.'

(almost smiling at the irony of it)

She was wrong there, too. I mean, I'm a murderer. I murdered my own mother. Is that amounting to something or what?

He suddenly lets out a sob -- and with this, camera pulls back to reveal Raymond's been speaking into a microphone on the guest side of a talk show conference table. There are two other guests, seen only in shadows, for now; and on the other side of the table, the woman whose show this is, FRAN AMBROSE. She smokes as she addresses her listening audience in a sort of warmly solemn way.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

1

FRAN

Hello tonight. The young man you just heard is Raymond Linette, out on parole after serving four years for matricide -- that's what they call murdering your mother. And matricide is what we're talking about on the Fran Ambrose show tonight. Our guests are ---

PANNING:

2 SHOW GUESTS

2

Each man is seen as Fran introduces him, beginning with DR. LEO RICHMOND, fanning her smoke from his eyes, now in his early sixties, but still the self-pleased orator we met in the Chief of Police's office in Psycho, thirty years ago.

FRAN (O.C.)

-- Doctor Leo Richmond, Clinical Psychiatrist and author of The Mother Killers: Boys Who Kill Their Mothers. Doctor Richmond is going to help us find out what makes them do it.

Dr. Richmond smiles and nods, as if he were on TV rather than radio. As camera reaches a dignified gentleman, GEORGE EMERIC:

FRAN (O.C.)

Mr. George Emeric, the grandfather of that paroled mother killer ---

3 INSIDE CONTROL BOOTH

3

to include the phone-in board and the young woman who takes the calls, ELLEN STEVENS, and the show's producer, MIKE CALVECCHIO. Voices from the studio are heard without interruption from previous shot:

FRAN'S VOICE

-- and, of course, Raymond himself.

4 IN STUDIO - VARIOUS BIG FACE SHOTS

4

RAYMOND

You can call me Ray.

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

4

FRAN

So, Ray, you're able to talk about what made you do what you did?

RAYMOND

I been talkin' about it every day for the past four years. It's part of the therapy we get at Sidonia.

DR. RICHMOND

(butting in)

There's been a public outcry over prisons like that.

FRAN

That let criminals out this soon, you mean?

DR. RICHMOND

Sidonia's recidivism rate is forty percent.

5 CONTROL BOOTH - CLOSE ON ELLEN

5

The lights on the incoming calls board light her face in a strangely ominous way. Over this, without interruption from previous shot:

RAYMOND'S VOICE

Basically, I'm only out because of my grandpa.

6 STUDIO - VARIOUS ANGLES

6

as Fran turns to George Emeric with:

FRAN

Mr. Emeric, you're Ray's maternal grandfather?

EMERIC

Yes.

FRAN

Meaning he murdered your daughter.

EMERIC

Yes. He did.

CONTINUED

6 CONTINUED

6

FRAN

Yet you've helped make parole  
possible for him by making a home  
for him in your house. He sleeps  
under the same roof your daughter  
grew up under.

EMERIC

The same room.

FRAN

Could you tell us how that feels to  
you? I mean, you must've loved your  
daughter.

EMERIC

She was a world-class bitch who  
didn't deserve a boy like Raymond.

Fran's little smiles makes it clear she expected him to say  
something along those lines.

DIRECT CUT TO

7 STUDIO - A LITTLE LATER

7

FRAN

Caller, you're on the air.

GIRL'S VOICE

Hi, my name's Marilyn and I'd like  
to ask Doctor Richmond -- don't any  
girls kill their mothers?

DR. RICHMOND

Apparently, the same dynamics don't  
apply.

GIRL'S VOICE

You're saying girl's never ---

DR. RICHMOND

(interrupting her)

I'm sure they do. But nowhere near  
as often as boys.

FRAN

Or maybe girls are too smart to get  
caught.

8 ANGLE ON MIKE - IN CONTROL BOOTH

8

He grins and applauds silently.

9 STUDIO - FAVORING DR. RICHMOND

9

He doesn't like Fran making funnies on his time, but he smiles politely -- then gets right on with it:

DR. RICHMOND

My point is, I don't have the statistics on female matricide. I wrote about boys because they happen to be my sphere of expertise.

FRAN

Let's go to the next caller, Ellen.

10 ON ELLEN - IN CONTROL BOOTH

10

She hits a button.

11 STUDIO - FAVORING FRAN

11

She waits; there is no caller.

FRAN

Hello, you're on the air. Anybody there?

Still no caller. The silence strikes an unsettling note, as if it were a harbinger of dark doings to come. Moving to break the mood, Fran turns quickly to Dr. Richmond:

FRAN

So, Doctor, you -- how'd this get to be your sphere?

DR. RICHMOND

(an expanding breath)

My first involvement with a Mother Killer took place exactly thirty years ago.

12 EXT. BACKYARD OF MODEST SUBURBAN HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

12

It's a dark night. The house, too, is dark, save for the kitchen. Camera slowly moves toward a kitchen window that

CONTINUED

12 CONTINUED

12

is partly open, as if to let in the freshness of an ill-omened wind that is preparing the night for a serious rainstorm. Now and again comes the faint rumble of distant thunder. Over this, continuing from previous shot, the radio sound of:

DR. RICHMOND'S VOICE  
A young man had turned himself into  
his mother out of guilt over having  
murdered her.

FRAN'S VOICE  
Turned himself into his mother?

By now we've reached the open kitchen window; we see a radio on a counter, the source of:

DR. RICHMOND'S VOICE  
Dressed up like her, spoke in her  
voice, killed as her -- all to  
create the illusion that she was  
still alive, that he hadn't  
committed matricide.

Camera has moved right on through window and into kitchen, heading for the radio. On the way it passes a bulletin board beside a wall phone -- snapshots pinned all over the board but we can't see them clearly yet. The phone has an inordinately long cord, which leads to someone unseen, who has the receiver in his hand. As this person moves to fine-tune the radio, we catch a glimpse of his reflection in the glass of a cabinet door -- but it's too quick and blurred for us to get anything more than a sensation of who the person is.

13 INT. CONTROL BOOTH OF RADIO STATION - FAVORING ELLEN

13

Over this, without interruption:

DR. RICHMOND'S VOICE  
As I said at the time, matricide is  
probably the most unbearable crime  
of all....

Ellen hits a button that has just started blinking.

14 STUDIO - FAVORING DR. RICHMOND

14

as he concludes:

CONTINUED

14 CONTINUED

14

DR. RICHMOND  
...and most unbearable to the son  
who commits it.

15 ANOTHER ANGLE

15

Fran notices Raymond has been moved almost to tears by Dr. Richmond's words. She looks her sympathy at him:

FRAN  
Does the unbearableness ever go  
away?

RAYMOND  
I'd give my left tit for a  
cigarette.

16 INSIDE THE BOOTH - FAVORING MIKE

16

He hand-signals Fran to take another call.

FRAN'S VOICE  
Our next caller is a first-time  
caller from ---

ELLEN  
He'd rather not say.

17 STUDIO - TO INCLUDE WINDOW OF BOOTH - ON FRAN

17

FRAN  
No name, either, I guess, huh?

Ellen signals this is so.

FRAN  
Well, we have to call you something.

MAN'S VOICE  
You can call me Ed.

FRAN  
Go ahead, Ed.

MAN'S VOICE  
I listen to your show every night.  
It's one of the pleasures that comes  
with being on parole.

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

17

FRAN

Have you been in Sidonia, too?

MAN'S VOICE

No. That kind of place, though.

(ending subject)

I never dreamed you'd come up with  
a show so personally relevant.

Fran holds a moment, some instinct telling her this caller  
will be good either for fascinating talk for laughs, she  
can't yet tell which.

FRAN

So, you got a question for Doctor  
Richmond?

MAN'S VOICE

(with a smile in it)

He sure likes hearing himself talk,  
doesn't he?

Fran suppresses a grin, looks at Dr. Richmond, who already  
doesn't like this caller.

FRAN

Where are you calling from, Ed?

18

INT. KITCHEN OF SUBURBAN HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA - NIGHT -  
STARTING CLOSE ON RADIO

18

as a commercial comes on, and WIDENING to include the man  
who gave the name Ed. We see him tense up from behind as  
if wondering if calling this show was a good idea. He  
turns and we reveal his identity. He is NORMAN BATES. He  
has put the receiver down on the counter and is at the  
range checking on a dinner he's preparing which looks like  
it's going to be a celebration dinner. Norman is far from  
the person we saw at the end of Psycho III. He's been  
through some harrowing and at the same time wonderful  
times. He looks older, but not in a physical sense: it's  
as if his psyche has grown older -- and perhaps his soul as  
well.

FRAN'S VOICE

Ed?

Norman quickly calms himself then picks up the phone and  
starts right in:

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

18

NORMAN

The reason I called is, your focus tonight is on what makes boys kill their mothers. But so far your guests aren't giving us any real inside into that.

19 STUDIO - VARIOUS SHOTS

19

Fran looks expectantly at Dr. Richmond, who elects not to dignify the caller's comment with a response.

NORMAN'S VOICE

(continuing, after a moment)

So I thought maybe I could help. I mean, I'm what you might call a senior member of the doctor's 'sphere.'

FRAN

Are you saying you killed your mother?

NORMAN'S VOICE

Twice.

Dr. Richmond snorts dismissively; Raymond laughs, Fran smiles:

FRAN

Once for good luck?

NORMAN'S VOICE

(ignoring that)

And now I'm going to have to kill again.

FRAN

Think you'll get it right this time?

Raymond laughs again, louder.

20 BACK TO NORMAN

20

He smiles at that, but humorlessly.

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

NORMAN

I got it right the first time, I killed her with my own hands, mine alone, and that was that. But then this sick creature came around saying my mother had illegally adopted me. But she was lying. The one I killed was my...you know....

FRAN'S VOICE

Biological mother.

NORMAN

Real mother. 'Biological' sounds a little dirty, doesn't it?

FRAN'S VOICE

How old were you when you killed your real mother, Ed?

NORMAN

I killed a few other women too.

21 BACK TO FRAN

21

Her kidding mode stops dead; she goes serious but resists making words which might get this caller off the track. Instead she gives her usual, noncommittal:

FRAN

Uh-huh.

NORMAN'S VOICE

The first one was the girl who wanted to have sex with me.

FRAN

Wanting to have sex with you -- that was grounds for murder?

22 BACK TO NORMAN - CLOSE ON HIS FACE

22

NORMAN

Yes...in my mother's eyes.

The shot, which accentuates the Gothic architecture of Norman's face, converts from color into black and white. Almost simultaneously, we:

COLOR DISSOLVE THRU TO

23 EXT. THE BATES HOUSE - NIGHT - (1951)

23

Shot is so angled that the house seems to have appeared out of a slight rearrangement of the bones of Norman's face in previous shot. Picture holds until a sense of the past, of history, takes hold; we see the house is in much better shape than we've ever seen it before. It could use some paint touch-up, and the flowers in the pots on the porch need watering or replacing, but it's really a quite liveable-looking place. Camera pulls away and down, bringing into shot the familiar motel.

During this move we hear sounds of faraway music, a very Fourth of July Americana march, and now and again the pop of distant firecrackers. Seated on a chair outside the open door of the motel office is Norman, aged seventeen. He comes alert as a young girl drives up in a convertible. She is HOLLY BRINKERHOFF, a very pretty seventeen, very seductive. Norman gets up and starts toward the car with:

NORMAN  
Cabin One okay? Just happens to be empty.

Holly looks around, sees there are no cars except one, way off to the side of the last cabin.

HOLLY  
Looks like they're all empty.

NORMAN  
They're not.

Norman goes closer to the car to get a better look at Holly's great legs. She's wearing pretty short shorts.

HOLLY  
Is that the way you look at your real customers?

NORMAN  
What do you mean?

HOLLY  
You look glad to see me.

NORMAN  
Anyone would be.

HOLLY  
I almost didn't come by after all.  
But I'm not the kind of girl that  
breaks promises.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED

23

NORMAN

You didn't promise you'd come by.

HOLLY

No. I promised myself I would. Get in, we'll go watch the firework's show in the park.

NORMAN

I can't leave the desk.

HOLLY

You know what fascinates me about you? The way you keep to yourself. Whenever I see you you're never with anybody. I bet you're good at keeping your mouth shut about things.

NORMAN

(smiles nervously, his voice cracking)

What kind of things?

Holly just smiles seductively. Norman presses his groin against the car door, tries to keep his growing heat out of his voice as he speaks in what he hopes is an innocently conversational manner:

NORMAN

I just realized: I don't know where you live.

HOLLY

With my aunt. My mom sent me here to baby-sit her. Soon as the poor thing dies, I'm hitting the road. Not back home. Hawaii, maybe.

(beat, direct)

Boys who keep to themselves are usually guilty of something.

NORMAN

(pulls back almost imperceptibly)

G-guilty?

A string of faraway firecrackers goes off; smoke from it is seen rising above the hill.

HOLLY

Do fireworks get you hot?

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED (2)

23

NORMAN  
Not inordinately.

HOLLY  
(smiles delightedly)  
I love that. 'Inordinately.' I  
love sexy words.

NORMAN  
I never heard a girl talk like you.  
You from New York?

Holly gets out of the car:

HOLLY  
I guess we can see the show from  
here.

NORMAN  
Not very well.

HOLLY  
Park's just on the other side of  
that hill, you know.  
(looks at upstairs  
front window of  
house)  
Best place would be from up there.  
That room up there.

NORMAN  
That's my mother's room. She's in  
bed.

HOLLY  
Asleep?

NORMAN  
Probably tossing and turning. She  
hasn't been herself lately.

HOLLY  
(going close to him)  
Shall I come back after you close?

NORMAN  
That'll be real late. It's the  
Fourth of July, remember.

HOLLY  
If I do, will you show me your room?  
Boys' rooms always smell so awful  
-- awful exciting.

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED (3)

23

NORMAN

(has to laugh)

Wouldn't my mother love to catch me  
sneaking a girl in my room.

HOLLY

(soft and sultry)

In that case, we'd better sneak up  
there now, while she's still tossing  
and turning. Okay? You want to,  
don't you?

Her nearness excites Norman unbearably. He whispers hotly:

NORMAN

Let's go in the office.

Holly lets Norman guide her onto the porch and up to the office doorway. She looks into the barren little room, stops dead on the threshold:

HOLLY

You kidding? Where? On the floor?  
It's your room or nothing. What  
kind of a girl do you think I am?

NORMAN

There's a parlor in the back.

At that moment, the door of the last cabin opens and a TRAVELING SALESMAN comes out, dressed for the evening, linen jacket slung over his shoulder:

SALESMAN

Hey! Boy!

NORMAN

(a whisper, to Holly)  
See? I told you.

SALESMAN

We got a clogged toilet here!

Norman pushes Holly into the office, turns to wave to the Salesman with:

NORMAN

Be right there.

He hurries into the office, takes a plunger out of the closet, hurries back out, whispering:

CONTINUED

23 CONTINUED (4)

23

NORMAN  
Wait in the parlor.

He hurries off. Simultaneously, the sound of show-type fireworks is heard. Holly turns round, and sees:

24 FIREWORKS IN THE SKY

24

coming from over the hill, and filling the sky with a lovely light.

25 INTERCUTTING HER POINTS OF VIEW - ON HOLLY

25

She looks in the direction Norman went, sees him reaching the last cabin just as the Salesman's BLOWZY BLONDE emerges. Norman goes on into the cabin as the two guests go to their car.

26 EXT. MOTEL OFFICE - WITH HOLLY

26

She comes out of the office, goes around in the direction of the house.

27 ANGLE FROM FRONT PORCH OF HOUSE

27

Holly comes up the terraced steps, pauses at the foot of the steps to the porch, looks back to see another magical burst of fireworks in the sky. Clearly fireworks makes her hot. She comes up onto the porch, tries the front door, which slowly creaks open.

28 PORCH OF MOTEL - WITH NORMAN

28

coming from the last cabin, hurrying to the office. The second he looks in, he knows Holly hasn't gone into the parlor. He hurries inside, puts the plunger back in the closet, opens the parlor door and looks in, just to be sure, then comes back outside. He pauses to gaze at Holly's convertible for a long moment, then starts up to the house. He's heading up the terraced steps.

29 thru 30 OMITTED

29 thru 30

31 BACK TO HOLLY

31

as she comes alongside the stairwell to the fruit cellar, she hears footsteps on the front porch. She ducks down into the stairwell a few stairs, and holds watching the front door.

32 HOLLY'S POINT OF VIEW - FRONT DOOR

32

Norman enters, locks the door, turns on the hall light. He holds a moment, listening, then turns the light out again and starts up the stairs.

33 WITH HOLLY

33

Giggling silently, she starts after Norman, intending to playfully scare him. At the foot of the stairs she sees Norman has already disappeared into the gloom at the top of them.

34 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY OF BATES HOUSE - TO INCLUDE STAIRWAY

34

Holly comes silently up the stairs. The door to Mother's room is ajar; a floor-level night light is on inside the room.

35 MOVING WITH HOLLY

35

as she goes to peep into Mother's room. When she reaches it, she listens a moment and then, with the tip of her pretty forefinger gives the door a little push open. As she does this -- Norman looms up inside the room, giving Holly a terrible shock. He covers her mouth with his hand, to silence her gasp, and pulls her away from the door, into the hallway. Then he lets go of her, whispering angrily:

NORMAN

What are you doing here? Just what  
in hell are you doing?

HOLLY

Nothing. I was just going to give  
you a little scare, is all. Just  
for fun.

NORMAN

Why were you going into my mother's  
room?

HOLLY

I thought it was your room.

CONTINUED

35 CONTINUED

35

As Norman stares darkly and doubtfully at her.

HOLLY

Look, we gonna keep on talking here  
till your mother wakes up?

36 INT. NORMAN'S ROOM - NIGHTFALL

36

The room is dark. Through the open window the sound of fireworks is heard like distant warnings. Norman and Holly enter, quiet as mice. Norman lights the bleak, low-watt bulb in the overhead fixture. Holly looks around as she starts unbuttoning her blouse.

HOLLY

It's stifling in here.

(off Norman's  
reaction)

I'm not embarrassing you, am I?

NORMAN

Sssssssh!

HOLLY

What?

NORMAN

I thought I heard....

37 MOVING WITH NORMAN - CLOSE

37

He goes to the door, listens to the silence out in the hall, closes the door, comes back when he sees:

38 HOLLY

38

She has removed her blouse. She lets Norman stare at her bra for a moment then turns her back on him, drops her shorts, stands in her panties. She looks back at him over her shoulder, like a World War II pin-up.

39 NORMAN

39

His lips are dry. He licks them.

40 HOLLY

40

She holds a bit longer, then asks:

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

40

HOLLY

Unhook me?

41 MOVING WITH NORMAN TO HOLLY

41

He moves very slowly, stands very close to her, smelling the lust of her. Looking intoxicated, he fumbles with her bra hook. He can't manage to unhook it. She does it herself; then, as she removes the bra, she jumps into Norman's unmade bed, pulling the covers up to her neck coquettishly. Norman stands watching, aroused and anxious. Holly throws her bra at him. He catches it, looks at it, then neatly folds it and places it on a nearby chair.

Holly removes her panties under the covers and throws them at Norman. He catches them in both hands, high, near his chin, and holds that way, breathing heavily.

HOLLY

Put them on the chair. I didn't throw them at you so you could stand there all night sniffing them.

(beat)

Is it a good smell?

NORMAN

Not inordinately.

Holly laughs, in a hot, chortling way. Norman throws the panties onto the chair, goes to the bed, kneels at its side. He studies the outline of Holly's figure under the cover. Then, slowly and almost surreptitiously, he slides his hand under the cover. Holly just gazes at him, her lips parted her breaths coming slow and long. Norman moves his hand along Holly's belly and up to her naked breasts, his first touch of such things. The passion they arouse in him almost makes him ill: a feeling like the bends.

HOLLY

You'd like to touch them, wouldn't you?

Norman doesn't -- can't -- speak. A moment, and he starts to lift the cover to see what he's caressing. But instead he stops dead, whispers:

NORMAN

Did you hear that?

HOLLY

It's the fireworks.

CONTINUED

41 CONTINUED

41

NORMAN  
(rising, going to the  
door)  
I'd better go check, make sure she's  
okay.

HOLLY  
Will you be long?

NORMAN  
Will you just stay there, please,  
this time?

HOLLY  
Since you said please.

Norman goes, closing the door after him.

42 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOVING WITH NORMAN

42

He approaches his mother's room, opens the door silently, goes in. Camera following behind him, he crosses toward the bed, in which can be seen -- mainly by the exploding lights of the fireworks visible through the open window -- the shape of a figure under the covers. As Norman reaches the foot of the bed, (with his back to Camera), he is stopped by the startling sound of:

MOTHER'S VOICE  
Get that whore out of my house!

43 CLOSE ON NORMAN'S FACE

43

He stares off at the bed, speaks respectfully but firmly:

NORMAN  
She's not a whore, Mother.

His face brightens suddenly as a particularly lavish explosion of fireworks goes off. He glances out the window at:

44 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH WINDOW OF MOTHER'S ROOM - THE FIREWORKS

44

as the light and sound dies down:

MOTHER'S VOICE  
Get rid of her!

45 ANGLE FROM BEHIND NORMAN - TO INCLUDE BED

45

Shadows cloak the bed. Norman brings his hands up to his face, rubs his eyes wearily.

MOTHER'S VOICE  
Do I have to do it myself?

NORMAN  
No, Mother. I'll get rid of her.

As Norman starts to turn away -- but before we see his face.

Kill her! MOTHER'S VOICE

Kill her? NORMAN

Norman brings his hand to his mouth in shock, speaks behind it, in a voice with a sob in it.

NORMAN  
I can't, I just...can't.

MOTHER'S VOICE  
All right, all right. I'll do it  
for you.

Norman, surprised, lowers his hand, goes a step closer to the bed, moving so that we still do not see his face.

You will? NORMAN

MOTHER'S VOICE  
A mother's love knows no bounds.

But how? You're.... NORMAN

MOTHER'S VOICE  
Ssssh. Come put your ear near  
Mommy's lips. This is for your ears  
alone.

As if in some hellish hypnotic state exacerbated by the weird sounds and lovely/garish explosions of fireworks, Norman goes closer to bedside, drops to his knees. At this moment, an explosion of fireworks lights up Mother's face, which we see for the first time. It is the face of a year-dead-corpse, starting to go brownish and leathery, thanks to an amateurish taxidermy job. Norman puts his ear to his mother's shriveling lips.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

We hear whispering in Mother's voice but it is unintelligible. Finally, Norman slowly rises. Then he leans over and takes off his mother's schoolmarmish wig, revealing the mess that strychnine has made of her real hair -- much of which has fallen out. He lays the wig aside and then goes to the armoire and takes out one of Mother's dresses. He puts the dress on over his clothes then picks up the wig and moves to the full-length mirror. By the light of the fireworks he puts the wig on, not bothering to set it on very straight. Then he takes a tube of lipstick from the bureau, smears it on his lips.

46 INSIDE CLOSET - IN MOTHER'S ROOM

46

Blackness -- until Norman opens the door. In the near darkness he drops to his knees, lifts up some loose floorboards, revealing his secret stash place. We can't see what's in it. He reaches in, feels around carefully, takes out a shiny bread knife.

47 MOTHER'S ROOM - ANGLE TO INCLUDE CLOSET AND DOOR TO HALLWAY

47

As Norman starts out of the closet, the door to the hallway starts to open. It's Holly, an old ratty bathrobe of Norman's pulled around her. Norman sees her before she sees him; he leans back into the closet, his breath held.

48 MOVING WITH HOLLY

48

She crosses the room on tiptoe, heading for the bed. She sees the bulge of the figure in it, but nothing more. She suppresses a giggle; clearly, she thinks it's Norman in the bed, game-playing with her. But as she comes alongside the bed, fireworks explode outside, and the flashing, strobe-like lights illuminate the face of the corpse. Holly screams, reels away. The scream is cut off as the blade of the bread knife stabs into shot.

49 CLOSE ON NORMAN'S FACE

49

Looking ghastly as he plunges the knife into Holly. From off:

HOLLY'S VOICE  
Oh God no! Oh help me, God, help  
me! Help!

50 CLOSE ON MOTHER

50

as the sounds of bloody murder join the detonations of fireworks, Mother's face, illuminated by the explosions, seems to be grimacing in an evil and soul-shuddering way. At the last instant, a splash of Holly's blood streaks across the hideous cleavage of Mother's obscenely over-stuffed breasts. With this the image goes black and white for a few frames, and then converts back to color as we abruptly cut back to the present.

51 INT. RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT - VARIOUS SHOTS

51

Fran is appalled by the story, as is Ellen, Mike, Raymond, and his grandfather: Dr. Richmond looks calmly interested, in that way psychiatrists have of looking so. Finally, Fran finds her voice:

FRAN

Was this...was this the first time  
you had this two-way conversation  
with a corpse?

52 INT. KITCHEN OF SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT - CLOSE ON PRESENT-DAY NORMAN

52

Phone trapped between ear and shoulder, he goes to clean up the mess he made in the sink, speaking as he does so:

NORMAN

No, we started conversing soon after I killed her. I couldn't imitate her voice anywhere near as sweet as it actually was. I tried to make her sound nice but my hatred prevented it.

DR. RICHMOND'S VOICE

Tell me something, Ed.

Norman stops what he's doing, stares at the radio as if he could see Dr. Richmond's face.

DR. RICHMOND'S VOICE

(continuing)

Where were you living when you became a Mother Killer?

NORMAN

(a shade cool)

I don't think geography has anything to do with it, do you, Fran?

53 THE STUDIO - ANGLE TO INCLUDE FRAN AND DR. RICHMOND

53

DR. RICHMOND

Why won't you answer my question?

FRAN

Maybe he doesn't think it's  
important.

NORMAN'S VOICE

I have to call my wife, Fran. I  
just remembered. I'll call back.

54 BACK TO NORMAN

54

FRAN'S VOICE

Do that, Ed, will you? We're really  
interested in ---

Norman hangs up the phone. Fran's voice continues via the  
radio.

FRAN'S VOICE

-- what light you can shed on this  
most unbearable ---

Norman turns the radio off. He goes to the oven to check  
the roast, picking up a carving knife as he goes. He  
slices off a tiny edge of the roast, samples it. The phone  
rings. He jumps, unknowingly cutting his finger with the  
knife. Then he stands staring at the phone -- like some  
irrational corner of his mind is telling him it's Fran  
calling back. But that's impossible; they don't know where  
he is. He starts for the phone, sees his finger is  
dripping blood on the floor. He looks at the knife, sees  
no blood on it but takes it with him to the sink and drops  
it in the sink as he runs his bleeding finger under cold  
water. The phone keeps on ringing. He wraps his finger  
tightly with a paper towel, then uses a sponge from the  
sink to wipe the few drops of blood off the floor. They  
look bigger to him than they actually are; he rubs very,  
very hard. Then he answers the phone.

NORMAN

Hello.

55 EXT. STATE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

55

Camera is moving toward lighted office window on the ground  
floor. Over this, the phone voice of Norman's wife, CONNIE  
BATES.

CONTINUED

55 CONTINUED

55

CONNIE'S VOICE  
Did I wake you up?

NORMAN'S VOICE  
No. I cut myself.

As camera reaches window, giving us a glimpse of the office, we:

CUT TO

56 INT. CONNIE'S OFFICE IN HOSPITAL - NIGHT

56

She's wearing a doctor's jacket, a lovely woman of forty or so, with intelligent, warm eyes.

CONNIE  
Bad?

NORMAN'S VOICE  
No. Anything wrong?

57 INTERCUTTING - CONNIE IN OFFICE AND NORMAN IN KITCHEN

57

CONNIE  
Guess what I didn't have time to pick up.

NORMAN  
The cake.

CONNIE  
Can you do it?

NORMAN  
I can bake one easier.

CONNIE  
But you couldn't say on it what I'm saying on it.

NORMAN  
I'm not good at icing.

CONNIE  
So? Will you?

NORMAN  
The bakery must be closed by now.

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED

57

CONNIE

No. It's in an all-night market.

NORMAN

The dinner'll be ruined if I leave it. Plus I don't think a person ought to be made to pick up his own birthday cake.

CONNIE

I just got an idea. I'll call them and see if they can deliver it here. I can keep it in the frig.

NORMAN

I don't want any birthday cake that's been in a morgue.

They both laugh. Then:

CONNIE

You upset?

NORMAN

No. About what?

CONNIE

What I called you about.

(a pause)

The good news.

NORMAN

If it's good news, how could it upset me?

CONNIE

It's going to work out, Norman.  
You'll see.

NORMAN

Something's burning. See you soon.

He hangs up, checks a pot; as he does so, he notices the radio, and turns it back on in time to hear:

FRAN'S VOICE

(in midsentence)

-- and the author of the book, "The Mother Killers." Unfortunately Raymond Linette had to leave -- has to be snug in his bed by ten -- a condition of his parole. Anyway,

(MORE)

CONTINUED

57 CONTINUED (2)

57

FRAN'S VOICE (Cont'd)  
what I'm hoping is that the man who  
calls himself Ed will call in again.  
We really like talking with you, Ed  
-- if you're still listening -- and  
we want very much to hear from you  
because, well, you've been there.  
So....

58 INT. CONTROL BOOTH - ON ELLEN

58

A light flashes, Ellen picks up, grins and signals Fran.

FRAN'S VOICE  
Oh, good. Welcome back, Ed.  
Everything okay?

59 STUDIO - ON FRAN

59

NORMAN'S VOICE  
Of course.

FRAN  
Want to tell us something about your  
mother, Ed? How she drove you to  
become what you became?

NORMAN'S VOICE  
It wasn't her fault. She was a  
product of her time. The age of  
sexual repression.

60 VARIOUS SHOTS - IN STUDIO

60

DR. RICHMOND  
You make her sound positively  
Victorian. Did all this happen in  
this century?

He smiles, like he thinks he's being charmingly amusing.  
Nobody is amused. Fran sorta sticks up for Norman:

FRAN  
Listen, Doctor, the Victorian  
hangover lasted well into...well  
...now. So, you were saying, Ed...?

NORMAN'S VOICE  
Just that my mother wasn't totally  
bad.

CONTINUED

60 CONTINUED

60

FRAN

I guess nobody's mother is.

DR. RICHMOND

(to Fran)

If your caller is so anxious for us  
to have some insight into what makes  
boys kill their mothers ---

FRAN

(cutting in fast)

Right. Ed, what we'd like to know  
is what she did to you. I mean, did  
she smother you, in some way, the  
way some of us mothers do with our  
kids.

61 BACK TO NORMAN - IN KITCHEN

61

NORMAN

No, not really. She just, I don't  
know, she made me feel unsure. I  
never knew what to expect with her.  
She'd be sweet then suddenly turn  
rabid. She was that way with my  
father, too. Of course, with him she  
was also...ah...frigid. You know?

FRAN'S VOICE

You sound very sympathetic, Ed. You  
must have really loved her a lot.

NORMAN

(with gallows humor)

A boy's best friend is his mother.

62 ON FRAN

62

She reacts to that; then:

FRAN

What about your father? How'd you  
feel about him?

63 BACK TO NORMAN - CLOSE ON HIS FACE

63

NORMAN

He died when I was six.

He takes a moment to see if his finger's still bleeding.

64 EXT. THE BATES HOUSE - DAY - (1940)

64

It looks wonderful, all bright and clean, flowers and hedges, wicker furniture on the porch. But there is a black wreath on the front door. As camera moves in, so does the voice of present-day Norman, continuing after a small pause from previous shot:

NORMAN'S VOICE

He was stung to death by bees. They stung his eyes, his nostrils, even the insides of his mouth and anus. He looked so horrible they had to cover his face with a silk handkerchief if they wanted to keep the coffin open.

By this time, camera has ascended to the porch.

DISSOLVE TO

64A INT. BATES ENTRY HALLWAY/PARLOR - DAY

64A

Camera enters house and turns toward the open doorway to the parlor. We see the open coffin, with its body of Norman's father, the face covered with a silk handkerchief. Tall candles flank the coffin, their flickerings the only light in the room whose drapes are drawn against the sunny day.

NORMAN'S VOICE

(continuing)

I remember not believing it was my father in that terrible box because I couldn't see that it was him. I think I snuck down during the night and peeped.

Camera now turns to see a tableau of mourners in the parlor. In the darkish b.g., two elderly people, their faces shrouded by shadows. In f.g. seated, a six-year-old Norman and his mother, NORMA BATES, a statuesque woman of just thirty, whose schoolmarmish coiffure and widow's weeds conceal none of her beauty and hardly any of her simmering sensuality. She has an arm around little Norman but she is gazing sadly at the coffin.

NORMAN'S VOICE

(continuing)

I felt awful sad sitting there. Mainly because of how my mother looked. How she looked almost

(MORE)

CONTINUED

64A CONTINUED

64A

NORMAN'S VOICE (Cont'd)  
always decided how I felt at any  
given moment. She looked so  
sorrowful, all in black....

Camera has continued moving in on Norma and Norman. At this point it's close enough so that we can clearly see the pale and lovely hand Norma has around Norman. We see it is pressed against his side, under his arm. We see the fingers move as Norma surreptitiously tickles the boy.

NORMAN'S VOICE  
I was too shocked to laugh. I mean,  
I was real ticklish, but....

65 FRESH ANGLE

65

as Norman looks up at his mother, who is still gazing at the coffin like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. Then he reacts as she tickles him again, harder.

NORMAN'S VOICE  
(helpless)  
This time -- I couldn't help it: I  
giggled out loud.

We see (but do not hear) little Norman giggle. Norma turns on him, eyes blazing, and as she scolds him we hear -- not Norma, but present-day Norman's V.O., his words in perfect sync with the movements of Norma's lips:

NORMAN'S VOICE  
'Don't you have any respect for the  
dead?'

Little Norman looks mortified; his mother pulls her arm away from him, returns her innocent gaze to the coffin.

NORMAN'S VOICE  
As if it were my fault...!

There is a sudden POUNDING FROM INSIDE COFFIN!

The camera RUSHES BACK to REVEAL the present-day Norman standing horrified in the parlor, holding the telephone.

SHOCK CUT TO

66 BACK TO PRESENT-DAY NORMAN - IN THE KITCHEN

66

He snaps to, his heart in his throat, and looks at the door. Someone is pounding on it from outside.

NORMAN  
(catching his breath)  
Just a minute, Fran. Somebody's at the door.

Norman puts down the receiver, goes to the door, moves the curtain aside. Standing outside, a sweater draped over her shoulders, is the fiftyish next-door neighbor, MRS. LANE. Norman opens the door with an inquiring smile:

MRS. LANE  
Connie called and asked me to tell you they are going to deliver the cake to her. She said your line's been busy, busy, busy.

NORMAN  
Thank you, Mrs. Lane.

MRS. LANE  
I didn't realize it was your birthday, Norman! I just might have a little something for you.

NORMAN  
Thank you. Please don't bother.

MRS. LANE  
I don't mind being bothered.

She goes, disappearing into the windy darkness. A terrible roll of thunder comes; Norman closes the door quickly. As he returns to the phone, we hear, via the radio:

FRAN'S VOICE  
Go ahead, caller.

VOICE OF A THIRTYISH MOTHER  
Maybe the doctor can answer this, but it sounds to me like your caller is saying that I mustn't tickle my kid or he'll grow up and kill me.

Norman has picked up the phone; he speaks into it:

NORMAN  
That was just the beginning. Maybe a good place for me to stop, Fran, huh?

67 SOUND BOOTH - ON MIKE

67

MIKE

Whatever you do, don't let this guy go.

68 STUDIO - ON FRAN

68

She's gotten Mike's message. She also thinks this caller is too hot to let go; she senses that her listeners are fascinated and, probably, morbidly curious. Her only concern is that he will decide to cut it short.

FRAN

Look, Ed, how about telling us some of the good things about your mom? Okay?

69 BACK TO NORMAN

69

Some instinct is telling Norman to hang up; instead, he rises to Fran's bait.

NORMAN

Well, she had the most beautiful hair. She usually wore it like an old schoolmarm, tight, locked up...But sometimes, when we were alone....

He closes his eyes, and with an overlapping Dissolve. we begin to see a lovely spot for a picnic, with six-year-old Norman and his mother setting things out on a white damask tablecloth on the grass. As dissolve is completed:

70 EXT. PICNIC SPOT - SIX-YEAR-OLD NORMAN AND NORMA

70

Norma removes her big sun hat, and opens her hair. It tumbles down her back. She shakes her head, allowing the hair to dance around her shoulders and her lovely face, while her little boy gazes at her the way a happy slave gazes at his adored mistress. Over this:

NORMAN'S VOICE

(continuing from  
previous shot)

Hair...hundreds of light years long.

FRAN'S VOICE

That's beautiful. Poetry.

CONTINUED

70 CONTINUED

70

Now Norma is leaning across the tablecloth and shaking her head close to little Norman so that her hair gently whips his face.

NORMAN'S VOICE

I know in the cosmic scheme of things little boys are small. But some days they can be....

Suddenly it starts to rain. Little Norman is frightened, expecting his mother to react badly to their picnic being spoiled. Instead, she turns her face up to the rain and starts laughing. Then she grabs the boy's hands as she leaps to her feet, pulling him to his and then beginning to whirl around in the rain...dancing and laughing in the rain. (All of this is silent; we hear only the Voice Over of present-day Norman.)

NORMAN'S VOICE

(resuming, after a pause)

...some days little boys can be giants.

71 BACK TO PRESENT-DAY NORMAN IN KITCHEN

71

The cut is abrupt. Norman's eyes are still closed; he is still lost in the memory of that picnic. On the radio a commercial is in progress. Its jangly music distracts Norman. He turns the volume down.

He turns to finish the clean-up of the sink. He turns back to the phone as Fran comes back on the radio with:

FRAN'S VOICE

I'm Fran Ambrose, and we're talking tonight with a caller who says he killed his mother.

Simultaneously Norman turns the sound back up and speaks into the phone:

NORMAN

And her boyfriend with her.

Push in as he looks over shoulder.

72  
thru  
73

OMITTED

72  
thru  
73

74 STUDIO - CLOSE ON DR. RICHMOND

74

He looks up at this.

FRAN (O.C.)  
May I ask why, Ed?

Norman does not respond.

FRAN (O.C.)  
Did he abuse you, too?

75 BACK TO NORMAN

75

NORMAN  
No, it was just that...  
(a flare of anger)  
She didn't need him!  
(quickly controlled  
again)  
I mean, he didn't make her life  
better than it was when all she had  
was me.

ABRUPT CUT TO

76 EXT. THE BATES HOUSE - NIGHT - (1946) (MATTE)

76

Raining. A disturbed night, filled with roiled clouds and the brooding sounds of thunder; and, now and again, a sky-spitting bolt of lightning, tentacles like fingers of white fire. Over this, without interruption from previous shot:

NORMAN'S VOICE  
I was really the man of the house.  
She even used to call me that. I  
was practically running the motel  
single-handedly by the time I was  
twelve.

77 ON THE MOTEL

77

as twelve-year-old Norman comes running out of the office and into the rain drawn by the jolt of lightning, he heads for the house. Over this:

NORMAN'S VOICE  
When I wasn't in the office, I was  
doing things for her -- I don't mean  
just errands, either. I mean I was  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

77 CONTINUED

77

NORMAN'S VOICE (Cont'd)  
taking care of her...Like, if she  
was in the dumps, or worried about  
money, I'd be the one she'd turn to.

78 INT. MOTHER'S ROOM IN BATES HOUSE - NIGHT - (1946)

78

Norma is in bed but sitting up, hugging her knees, her face smeared with terror. Over this, without interruption:

NORMAN'S VOICE  
She depended on me, especially when  
she was scared. She was scared to  
death of thunder and lightning.

Following the sound of his footsteps coming up the stairs, twelve-year-old Norman comes running into the room. He goes to comfort his mother but she motions for him not to wet the bedclothes.

He steps back, looking worriedly and caringly at her as he strips off his rain-drenched clothes, down to his undershorts.

Norma watches silently, shivering with fear. As Norman moves to get on the bed, Norma lifts the covers, so he can get under them. He gets under and huddles close to her, his arms around her protecting.

She cowers, her face buried in his neck, while the thunder explodes and the lightning flashes. Then, suddenly, Norman's expression changes as he realizes that something is happening to him that should not be happening when he's holding his mother.

NORMAN'S VOICE  
All of a sudden, that night, I  
realized that I was...well, I guess  
you could say I'd gotten a little  
too big for my britches.

Norman pulls away from his mother, clamping his knees together as he rolls from the bed, carefully positioning himself so as to conceal the fact that he has an erection. He runs awkwardly from the room. Norma doesn't know what's got into him. Surprised, annoyed, curious, she gets out of bed, grabs a flimsy robe and puts it on as she hurries after Norman.

79 NORMAN'S ROOM IN BATES HOUSE

79

Norman hears his mother coming after him. He leaps into bed, pulling the covers up to his neck. The room is neat if not exactly clean; a few books and magazines are scattered about; on a worktable, taxidermy equipment and a bird -- a work in progress. Norma enters, stops, looks hard at Norman.

NORMA

What's wrong with you? You sick?

Norman doesn't answer, he just looks frightened as his mother moves closer to the bed. But then she decides she's not interested in what is or is not wrong with him. A groan of distant thunder is heard; to distract herself, Norma looks around the room.

NORMA

It's a wonder you don't have a hundred and one exotic diseases, living in this mess.

NORMAN

Go back to bed, Mother. You'll catch cold.

Afraid to go and be alone in this weather, Norma starts setting things neat in the room, speaking as she does so:

NORMA

A lot you'd care. Sometimes I think you're coming to loathe me.

Norman, his erection gone, sits up, but still keeps the covers over his lower body.

NORMAN

You know I could never loathe you.  
Why do you say that?

NORMA

Always running from me. Just when I need you most. I don't know why, on a night like this...

Her voice trails off; she has spotted something; a catalogue hidden within the pile of magazines she's been straightening. She picks it up. It's a catalog of ladies' undergarments.

80 INSERT - CATALOG IN NORMA'S HANDS

80

as she flips through the well-thumbed pages, revealing photos of matronly women in corsets, heavy-duty brassieres, etc. Nothing sexy or suggestive.

81 BACK TO SHOT

81

Her face contorted in disgust, Norma flings the catalogue at Norman, seething:

NORMA

You dirty little pig! Take that right out to the garbage!

Norman gets out of bed, reaches for some clothes, is stopped by:

NORMA

No. Go as you are. Maybe the rain will wash some of the dirt out of your system.

82 DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - ANGLE ON STAIRCASE

82

Norman is half-running, half-stumbling down the stairs, the catalog clutched in his hand. His mother right behind him, he heads for the kitchen in the rear of the house.

83 EXT. BACKYARD OF BATES HOUSE - NIGHT

83

Norman comes running out, clad only in his undershorts, covering his head with the catalog. Norma holds just inside the kitchen door, screaming above the rain and thunder:

NORMA

Pig! Dirty pig! Dirty as your whole s-e-x!

84 ANGLE ON TRASH AREA OF BACKYARD

84

The trash cans are covered by a makeshift shed -- a tin roof on four poles. Norman approaches, drenched, shivering, and removes a lid from one of the cans, throws the catalog in, replaces the lid. As he turns -- shockingly, his mother is standing right behind him. She's wearing only her flimsy robe, is soaked to the skin, her long hair rain-plastered about her face and shoulders and back and breasts: She looks like a painting by an Art Nouveau artist obsessed with the morbid beauty of Women Drowned. And she is extending to Norman his yellow slicker. He stares in shock and dismay. She drapes the raincoat around his shoulders, speaking in the voice of a smooth-as-silk psychopath:

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

84

NORMA

Why do I always relent? Someday I'm  
going to wish I'd been firmer with  
you.

85 BACK TO PRESENT-DAY NORMAN IN KITCHEN

85

Norman, phone clutched to his ear, is striding back and forth about the kitchen, now and then becoming entangled in the phone's long curly cord. He is like a man caught in a trap, unable to extricate himself, unaware of his real surroundings. It's the voice of Dr. Richmond, on the radio, that brings him back to himself:

DR. RICHMOND'S VOICE  
I'd like to ask Ed a question or  
two.

FRAN'S VOICE  
That all right with you, Ed?

NORMAN  
(cautious, cool)  
Why not?

86 THE STUDIO - ANGLE FAVORING DR. RICHMOND

86

DR. RICHMOND  
This abuse your mother heaped on  
you, you didn't mind it so long as  
it was just the two of you. Isn't  
that what you're saying?

87 BACK TO NORMAN IN KITCHEN

87

He doesn't answer.

88 BACK TO DR. RICHMOND IN STUDIO

88

DR. RICHMOND  
Bad as it was it was okay, maybe  
even enjoyable -- until she brought  
home a boyfriend.

89 BACK TO NORMAN IN KITCHEN

89

NORMAN  
If the doctor is trying to turn this  
into some kind of incest tragedy,  
tell him to forget it, Fran.

90 BACK TO STUDIO - FAVORING FRAN

90

FRAN  
(to Dr. Richmond,  
humorously)  
Forget it, Doc.

NORMAN'S VOICE  
I mean, if it was that kind of  
thing, I wouldn't have killed all  
those other women, would I?

Angle widens to include Dr. Richmond as:

DR. RICHMOND  
How many did you kill? Do you  
remember?

NORMAN'S VOICE  
Fran?

FRAN  
I'm here.

91 BACK TO NORMAN

91

After a moment:

NORMAN  
A lot of authorities are beginning  
to think my kind of problem is just  
a matter of genetics.

FRAN'S VOICE  
You mean how our parents treat us  
has nothing to do with what we  
become?

NORMAN  
Just about nothing.

FRAN'S VOICE  
Uh-huh. But you know better, don't  
you?

Norman is silent for a long, thoughtful moment; then:

NORMAN  
(seemingly out of  
nowhere)  
I got beaten up really bad once.

91A INSERT - BOOK

91A

across dirt: blood on book.

92 EXT. SCHOOLYARD IN FAIRVALE, CALIFORNIA - DAY - (1941)

92

Norman, aged seven, is sitting on a bench in a schoolyard deserted except for a big BULLY BOY who is leaning against a fence caressing his fist and gazing cruelly at Norman. Norman has been roughed up badly; bruised, a little blood on his lower lip; clothes torn; schoolbooks lying torn and muddied at his feet. Norma is led into scene by a marmish school teacher.

NORMAN'S VOICE

I'd love to say she felt sorry for me or demanded punishment for the boy who did it.

The school teacher stops as Norma walks closer to Norman but only to stare down expressionlessly at him.

NORMAN'S VOICE

(continuing)

She didn't. She just laughed at me. One of those silent laughs that nobody can hear except the person being laughed at. Then....

Abruptly, Norma turns on her heels and strides off. As she passes the Bully Boy, she gives him a surreptitious wink -- but she manages to let Norman see her do this.

93 THE STUDIO - ON FRAN

93

FRAN

What I'm thinking is that your mother was, well, I think she must have been ---

94 CLOSEUP OF NORMAN IN KITCHEN

94

His face contorted in sudden rage, he cuts in on Fran, finishing her sentence for her:

NORMAN

Crazy?

(beat)

Sometimes I even went and peeped in at her...through a hole my father had made.

CONTINUED

94 CONTINUED

94

FRAN'S VOICE

Your father liked to peep too?

95 OMITTED

95

96 INT. PARLOR BEHIND THE MOTEL OFFICE - DAY - (1940)

96

Norman's father, the tall, handsome JOHN BATES, is peering through a hole in the wall between the parlor and Cabin One. Six-year-old Norman is seen in the office, approaching the doorway on tiptoe.

NORMAN'S VOICE

I guess he had to...with a wife like  
her.

John Bates takes a framed picture and hangs it over the hole he has just made. Then, as in a dream slowly:

96A POINT OF VIEW - SLO-MO

96A

He turns and looks at Little Norman as he brings his forefinger to his lips, in a gesture playfully conspiratorial and at the same time, a warning to keep mum about this.

DISSOLVE THROUGH

97 CLOSE ON THE HOLE IN THE WALL - (1946)

97

Through it, the familiar drabness of Cabin One. A moment, and camera pulls back to reveal twelve-year-old Norman pushing a foot stool under the hole so he can stand on it and look through. Over this:

FRAN'S VOICE

So you peeped into this cabin and  
you watched your mother doing  
...what?

Camera continues to pull back, REVEALING the present-day Norman looking over the shoulder of his twelve-year-old self, phone in hand.

98 POINT OF VIEW THROUGH HOLE IN WALL

98

Norma is seen reeling around the room, hands to head, raging round and round, deliberately banging into furniture. She seems to be fighting with invisible demons, and her suffering is almost too painful to watch.

99 BACK TO PRESENT-DAY NORMAN IN KITCHEN

99

He closes his eyes, turns his face, on the verge of tears; his hand clutches the phone so hard the knuckles are white. After a moment, with difficulty.

100 THE STUDIO - VARIOUS SHOTS

100

Everybody's feeling very moved, even Mike. But not Dr. Richmond. He's smiling very faintly, sort of to himself. Fran notices this, doesn't know what to make of it. Then out of the corner of her eye she sees Mike hand-signaling her to keep it going.

FRAN

Did your mother ever catch you  
spying on her?

101 BACK TO NORMAN IN KITCHEN

101

He pulls himself together, laughs a little grimly at the thought.

NORMAN

God knows what she would've done to  
me.

FRAN'S VOICE

She wouldn't just spank your little  
buns for you -- is that what you're  
saying?

NORMAN

I think she may have spanked me when  
I was real little. But by the time  
I was reaching...my teens...she was  
way beyond that. Her cruelty came  
straight from the heart.

101A INSERT - ICE

101A

clinks in glasses.

102 INT. KITCHEN OF BATES HOUSE - NIGHT - (1949)

102

Norman, aged fifteen and wearing only pajama bottoms, is at the sink making a big glass pitcher of iced tea, to which he adds a few drops of vanilla. It is a hot, still night. Over this, the continuation of present-day Norman's narrative:

CONTINUED

102 CONTINUED

102

NORMAN'S VOICE  
The summer before I killed her...it  
was the hottest summer in history.  
My mother hated the heat. It made  
her feel...like a dog.

The glass pitcher is sweating, splashing, drops to the  
floor in SLO-MO CLOSEUP.

103 MOTHER'S ROOM - CLOSEUP - NORMA'S FACE

103

as drops of her sweat fall from the tip of her nose to  
splash on her chest. Pull out to reveal Norma is seated by  
the window wearing a shortie nightgown and fanning herself  
and looking beautiful and miserable. She ignores Norman  
as he enters and fills a glass with iced tea, puts the  
pitcher down on the window sill and hands her the glass:

NORMAN  
I made it with a few drops of  
vanilla, like you like it.

NORMA  
I'm going to die from this heat.  
You'll wish you'd been nice to me.

She laughs, to show she's only joking, Norman's confused,  
then takes a long swig of iced tea, gives a big, contented  
sigh and a smile. Norman looks very happy. Norma studies  
him for a moment then puts the glass down on the window  
sill and takes up from the sill a small bottle of clear  
liquid, which she hands to him with:

NORMA  
Blot me with some orange flower  
water.

Norman takes the bottle, looks around for a swab of cotton  
or something, sees nothing.

NORMAN  
What shall I use...to blot it on  
with?

NORMA  
Your fingers. Unless my skin  
disgusts you. Does it?

NORMAN  
Of course not. Don't be silly.

CONTINUED

103 CONTINUED

103

NORMA

Then don't you be silly. Blot me.

She extends her bare legs so that she can rest her feet on the edge of the bed. Slowly, looking and feeling almost hypnotized, Norman lowers himself to his knees alongside the chair, starts blotting his mother's bare, smooth shoulder. She lets him do this for a moment, then whispers hoarsely:

NORMA

Do my legs first.

104 CLOSE ON NORMAN AND HIS MOTHER'S OUTSTRETCHED LEGS

104

They're lovely legs. Norman scans them stealthily. Then he starts to blot them, starting at the knees.

NORMA (O.C.)

Start at the ankles. Find the pulse.

#### SEE THE PULSE

Norman moves down to the ankles, feels for the pulse. There's no telling whether he finds it or not, though we can SEE it beating under her skin. He starts blotting gingerly, growing more confident as he works his way up.

105 CLOSE ON NORMA'S FACE

105

Her eyes are closed; she's smiling.

106 BACK TO NORMAN

106

He is just passing the knees, moving up the thighs. Without meaning to, he slips his flower water-soaked fingers between THE thighs. With this:

107 NORMA AND NORMAN

107

She reacts as though his touch inside her thighs has tickled her. She giggles, swings her legs away, leans forward, laughing, and pushes Norman away from her. He goes sprawling backwards against the side of the bed, all the while trying not to drop or spill the bottle of orange flower water. Norma goes suddenly fiercely playful. She

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED

107

slides out of the chair onto her knees alongside Norman and starts tickling him. He laughs painfully. The bottle flies out of his hand. He looks scared, but then Norma merely laughs at this. Then she grabs his shoulders and starts shaking him back and forth, slowly, each time pulling him closer to her nearly exposed breasts, and all the while playfully scolding him:

NORMA  
Careless child! Spilling Mommy's  
orange flower water. Wicked,  
wicked, boy!

Norman is laughing, and struggling halfheartedly to get free.

NORMAN  
I'll buy you another bottle.  
Honest. I'll buy you all the orange  
flower water in the whole wide  
world.

Norma laughs as if her stomach's hurting from laughing. Norman starts to roll away but his mother's too fast for him. She grabs onto him, rolls with him. Locked together, they roll over and over each other until they're halfway across the room, laughing and yelling all the way. But then -- suddenly, Norma stops dead, forcing Norman to stop too. He is, at this point, on top of her. He looks surprised...yet he knows why she has stopped and is glaring in horror at him. He knows he has an erection, and that she can feel it. He is paralyzed with fear and self-disgust. Fiercely, eyes blazing rage, Norma shoves him off of her, kicks at him. He rolls with the kicks, lies there, his back to her, hands covering his face. She scrambles to her feet, reaches down and grabs him by his hair, half-lifting and half-forcing him to his feet. She drags him by the hair to her armoire, whose doors hang open. She reaches into it and pulls out one of her dresses; then, with Norman standing in a paralysis of dread and confusion, she slips the dress over his head, seething:

NORMA  
You are going to once and for all forget all about that filthy thing of yours. You are going to learn that you must never feel your depraved urges when you are near your mother. You will forget that you even have one of those things. You understand me, boy?

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED (2)

107

Norman has just stood there allowing her to put the dress on him. Now he catches a glimpse of himself in the full-length mirror; in horror and shame he brings his hands up, covers his face. But Norma tears his hands away, grabs his chin with one hand while with the other she reaches to the bureau for a tube of lipstick. She smears the lipstick on his lips, yelling, in a mixture of disgust and passion:

NORMA

There! That should help you forget it! See?

(shoves him close to  
the mirror; holds him  
there)

Look at yourself, boy! Ha! Girl!  
Yes -- girl! Momma's little girl!

Despite his fear, Norman explodes in a protest that comes from his very groin.

NORMAN

No! I'm not! No, no, no, no -- !

He tries to break away but Norma grabs him by the throat, pins him against the wall alongside a closet. He tries to pry his hands loose but her grip has the power of madness. Finally he gives up, goes slack. Perversely, Norma is more enraged by this. She pulls open the closet door, shoves Norman into the dark empty cubicle.

NORMAN

Oh, please, don't, Mother! Oh,  
please don't lock me in here! Oh,  
Mother, please, oh, Daddy -- !

With a final thrust, Norma slams Norman in against the far wall of the closet. He cowers there, helpless, terrorized, while his mother rushes to the window, picks up the pitcher of iced tea and flings its contents out the window. She returns with the empty pitcher, hands it in to Norman with:

NORMA

Here, take this, you're going to  
need it because you are going to  
stay locked in there until you learn  
not to say no to your mother when  
she tells you you're a girl, and you  
will probably have to make wee-wee  
and you will squat over this!

Norman can't move to take the pitcher. Norma puts it down at his feet with:

CONTINUED

107 CONTINUED (3)

107

NORMA

That's all that thing of yours is  
for -- making wee-wee. You clear  
on that? Answer me? You clear on  
that -- Norma?

She slams the door on him.

108 INSIDE THE CLOSET

108

A moment, and then Norman begins to tremble, then to moan like a trapped animal. The moans crescendo into cries and then to howling. He begins slamming his body against the door, with such force that he bounces back against the rear wall. He does this repeatedly then falls to the floor, puts his face to the crack under the door, through which he can see only light from the bedroom. He presses his face against the crack as though he hopes to push himself through it and out of the closet.

Gradually his howlings die down. He puts his mouth to the crack and, his voice coming hoarse out of a raw throat, he half-prays, half-sings:

NORMAN

Please dear God don't let her leave  
me here...Please dear Mother hear  
me Mother dear....

As he brings his hand to his hurting throat, turning away from camera.

CUT BACK TO:

109 PRESENT-DAY NORMAN IN KITCHEN - ANOTHER

109

He turns to camera, holding his hand to his throat in a remembered feeling of pain. His eyes are closed. His lips are moving in sync to the echoish memory-sound of:

15-YEAR-OLD NORMAN'S VOICE

(continuing from  
previous shot)

...Please dear God don't let her  
leave me here...Please Mother hear  
me Mother....

CONTINUED

109 CONTINUED

109

The echoish voice fades into the distance, into silence; during this, camera has moved slowly to include in shot the radio. Coming from it, a worried-sounding Fran, her voice fading in as the memory-voice of 15-year-old Norman fades out:

FRAN'S VOICE  
Are you there, Ed?

Norman has stopped moving his lips but he has not opened his eyes.

FRAN'S VOICE  
Ed? You all right?

Norman nods, opening his eyes.

FRAN'S VOICE  
Ed?

NORMAN  
I said yes.

FRAN  
I didn't hear it.

NORMAN  
I nodded.

FRAN  
We can't hear nods.

NORMAN  
I'm sorry.  
(a sudden urge to  
vomit)  
I'll be right back.

He drops the phone, runs for the sink, splashes cold water on his face.

CUT TO:

110 CONTROL BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

110

A commercial plays in b.g., as Fran enters with Dr. Richmond, addresses Mike:

FRAN  
Listen to this.  
(to Dr. Richmond)  
Tell him what you told me.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

110

DR. RICHMOND

This man who calls himself Ed: I've been listening to him and I've been putting two and two together -- the mother, the boyfriend, the motel, the other killings -- and I'm convinced we're talking to Norman Bates.

FRAN

The one he told us about at the top of the show, that turned himself into his mother.

MIKE

He sounds too young to be that old.

DR. RICHMOND

My point is, you have to take any threat Norman Bates makes very seriously.

FRAN

Oh, my God! I forgot he made a threat.

ELLEN

He said 'And now I'm going to have to kill again.'

MIKE

(to Fran)

And you joked about it.

FRAN

(a sheepish grin; then)

Well, I guess I'd better get him to tell us who he intends to kill, huh? For starters?

DR. RICHMOND

How do you propose to do that?

FRAN

I don't know. In my own style, I guess.

MIKE

Meaning she asks him flat out.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED (2)

110

DR. RICHMOND  
If you've been listening, you know he doesn't like being asked questions flat out. Let me go to work on him. I think I ought to know how to reach him. Remember, I'm the one who examined him right after he killed that girl in the shower.

ELLEN  
In the meantime, shouldn't I call the police?

FRAN  
What police? He hasn't done anything yet.

MIKE  
We don't even know where he's calling from.

FRAN  
Maybe he's back running the motel, now he's out on parole. It could be important for us to know where he is.

(to Dr. Richmond)  
Where was that place?

DR. RICHMOND  
Fairvale, California.

FRAN  
(to Ellen)  
Call somebody there -- not the police.

ELLEN  
The newspaper?

FRAN  
Good thinking. But just find out if he's back at the motel or what. Don't get anybody's ass in an uproar. Let's just keep this our problem for now.

111 BACK TO NORMAN IN THE KITCHEN

111

He taste-tests the dinner he's cooking, washing the spoon before laying it down.

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED

111

Meanwhile he sings, somewhat unconsciously, that famous  
crostic song:

NORMAN  
M is for the million things she  
gave me  
O is only that she's growing old  
T is for the tears ---

He breaks off as Fran's voice is heard on the radio.

FRAN'S VOICE  
Hi, we're back.

DR. RICHMOND'S VOICE  
(getting right into  
it)  
When your mother castrated you like  
that ---

112 BACK TO NORMAN

112

He picks up the phone with:

NORMAN  
'Castrated?'

113 BACK TO DR. RICHMOND

113

DR. RICHMOND  
Symbolically.  
(continuing)  
You must've felt like killing her  
right there and then.

114 BACK TO NORMAN

114

NORMAN  
No, I never felt like killing her  
-- or anybody else, for that matter.

115 BACK TO DR. RICHMOND

115

DR. RICHMOND  
Yet you did kill her. And other  
women too. And now you tell us  
you're going to kill another one.

116 CONTROL BOOTH FAVORING ELLEN

116

ELLEN

That fool is gonna make him hang up.

NORMAN'S VOICE

You know, Fran, maybe I should hang up and give some other 'Mother Killer' a chance to call in.

117 STUDIO - FAVORING FRAN

117

FRAN

You kidding? So it was three, four years after she did this that you killed her?

118 NORMAN - IN KITCHEN

118

Norman is actually contemplating hanging up. In the end, he decides to go on, giving us the sense that he has no choice really, although he is not consciously aware of this fact.

NORMAN

Not that long. About a year. But it was such a happy year. For some reason, we got closer, in a 'grown-up-friends' kind of way.

He opens a pot on the stove, and steam fills the frame.

DISSOLVE TO

119 EXT. BATES HOUSE/MOTEL - DAY (1948)

119

Dust clouds fill the frame. Pull back to reveal that Norman, a piece of cloth tied over his nose and mouth, is beating a rug hung on a clothesline. Norma comes raging up to him, a newspaper rolled up in her hand like a club. She begins beating Norman with it.

NORMAN

What's the matter? Mom! What did I do?

NORMA

Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!

NORMAN

Then why are you hitting me?

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED

119

NORMA  
Who else can I hit?

Abruptly she breaks out crying, sinks down on a box. Norman stands watching her with wonder. She unrolls the newspaper, shows it to him. The headline reads: FAIRVALE GETS NEW FREEWAY. She goes on, still crying:

NORMA  
They're not going to build it where the highway is. No, because from there the world would still be able to see us. It's going to be miles away. Nobody'll even know we're here. They're putting us out of business. What am I going to do? How will I feed you? How will we live?

Norman just stands there helplessly. Norma looks up at him, suddenly and viciously pulls the cloth off his face.

NORMA  
You! You're just like my father.  
Never a drop of sympathy.

NORMAN  
I'm sorry Mother.

NORMA  
Sorry for what? What the hell good are you if you can't show a little sympathy?

NORMAN  
(plaintively)  
I don't know how.

NORMA  
No, you just know how to cause trouble. Because of you my bladder is damaged. I can't hold my water. That's why I'm always running to the toilet. Did you know that?

NORMAN  
(he's heard this before)  
Yes, Mother....

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED (2)

119

NORMA  
(unstoppable)  
I was fine until I gave birth to you. You caused a lot of damage. I should have gotten rid of you the day I found out I was going to have you. Not one thing you've ever said or done has made all I've gone through with you worth while. Not one blessed thing. I should have killed you in my womb. You sure as hell tried to kill me getting out of it!

120 thru 121 OMITTED

120 thru 121

122 BACK TO PRESENT-DAY NORMAN

122

A moment, and his face drops the darkness before he goes on:

NORMAN  
And we used to take the longest walks. She never seemed to get tired. It was like she had to keep going because she never had any place to go.

During this, even in the night, the light comes up on Norman, and shadow of tree branches moving in a breeze waft dreamily over Norman's face and we:

DISSOLVE TO

123 EXT. THE WOODS SWAMP OUTSIDE FAIRVALE (1949) - DAY

123

Norman, aged fifteen, and Norman are seen strolling a path. No one else is around; no sounds except nature's lovely noises.

124 ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS

124

Here less sunlight gets through; there's something damp and a little disquieting about the area. Camera picks up Norman and Norman and moves with them to a swamp. Norman stops and stares at the swamp.

NORMA  
Naturally, it fascinates you.

CONTINUED

124 CONTINUED

124

NORMAN

What do you mean, 'naturally.'

NORMA

See that you keep away from it.

NORMAN

Why? It's just a swamp.

NORMA

Throw something in there. See what happens.

Norman doesn't move. So Norma breaks a low branch off a young tree, flings it into the swamp, which swallows it up in a matter of seconds.

NORMA

It'll swallow up anything, everything.

125 STUDIO - VARIOUS SHOTS

125

Dr. Richmond can't resist showing how clever he is:

DR. RICHMOND

Like your mother, Ed? Like all women?

FRAN

(sensing Norman reacting)

Good time to take a break; this is Fran Ambrose on -- We'll be right back.

126 BACK TO NORMAN - KITCHEN

126

Annoyed with Dr. Richmond's remark, he puts down the phone, and goes to the dinner table, which has been set gaily for two, and starts polishing the silverware unnecessarily. He goes to the cutlery drawer in the counter, opens it, looks down into it.

127 thru 128 OMITTED

127 thru 128

129 THE CUTLERY DRAWER - NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

129

A few steak knives, butter knives -- and a big bread knife. Norman's hand enters shot, wraps around the handle of the break knife, slowly lifts it up.

130 RADIO STUDIO

130

Through glass wall Ellen is seen in control booth talking on the phone. Out here, Mike stands silent while Fran and Dr. Richmond are arguing, Fran trying to be respectful and to keep it light. Commercials are playing under.

FRAN

No disrespect, Doctor, but I think Ed has a lot of hostility toward you.

DR. RICHMOND

Norman.

FRAN

I think that's why he's ignoring your questions.

DR. RICHMOND

Perhaps you think you're better trained to handle people like this

---

FRAN

I don't. I'm just one more lady with a talk show. But I know people. And whatever else Norman Bates is, he's people, right?

DR. RICHMOND

Right. Two people. One talks like a poet, the other stabs naked women in showers.

Ellen enters from the booth with:

ELLEN

The editor of the Fairvale Herald said Norman Bates left town years ago, after the latest murders at the motel. He said the place is ready for the wrecker's ball.

DR. RICHMOND

Did you think to ask where Norman spent time for those latest murders?

ELLEN

Fran said to keep this our problem.

FRAN

Look, Doctor, I really think you should stay out of it from here on in.

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED

130

DR. RICHMOND  
You're asking me to leave?

FRAN  
No. Stay in there with Ellen.  
She'll fix you some coffee. I'll  
tell our listeners that you ---

DR. RICHMOND  
(cutting in)  
You're going to question this psycho  
without professional help?

FRAN  
Maybe he's had enough professional  
help. Maybe he called me because  
what he needs is  
somebody...unprofessional.

DR. RICHMOND  
(after a long look)  
Do you want to be responsible for  
whatever he does after he hangs up  
on you?

MIKE  
For God's sake, for all we know he's  
not going to do anything, he's just  
using us to get it off his chest,  
blowing off steam - right? Also,  
I don't like the way you're talking  
to Fran. And Ellen.

DR. RICHMOND  
(coldly, turning on  
his heels)  
I've got a plane to catch.

FRAN  
Wait...!

Dr. Richmond stops, looks back at Fran:

DR. RICHMOND  
My way or yours.

MIKE  
So long, Doc. Thanks for letting  
us plug your book.

Dr. Richmond looks at Fran, who supported by Mike, holds  
her ground.

CONTINUED

130 CONTINUED (2)

130

DR. RICHMOND

I can't believe it. You'll let some  
human being get killed for a couple  
of ratings points?

FRAN

Ratings never occurred to me.

MIKE

They did to me.

ELLEN

Me, too.

FRAN

(an admirable honesty)  
Okay. Me too.

DR. RICHMOND

If you do it your way and you  
fail...that murder will be on your  
head.

Dr. Richmond slams out. His final remark sinks in on Fran:

FRAN

Mike, I'm scared.

MIKE

Don't be. Just go talk that poor  
bastard out of sending himself back  
to the cuckoo's nest.

131 BACK TO NORMAN

131

He's sitting at the table, the phone in his hand, under  
stuffed bird, his eyes gazing blankly at an ant that is  
scurrying along on the damask tablecloth. Very gently he  
brushes the ant off onto the back of his hand.

132 INSERT - NORMAN'S HAND

132

with the ant going this way and that, anxiously.

133 AT BACK DOOR

133

as Norman opens it, bends down, blows the ant off his hand,  
letting it go free.

134 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT

134

Norman comes back in. From the radio come:

FRAN'S VOICE  
Ed? You didn't hang up on me, did you?

Norman picks up the phone, speaking into it.

NORMAN  
I wouldn't hang up without a good-bye. After all, I think of you as a friend.

FRAN'S VOICE  
I sure hope you mean that.

NORMAN  
I do. But it's getting late. My wife asked me to make dinner tonight -- since it's my birthday.  
(laughs; suddenly stops)  
She'll be home pretty soon.

He looks at the clock on the kitchen wall: the time is 9:27.

FRAN'S VOICE  
Where'd you meet your wife?

NORMAN  
At the institution.

FRAN'S VOICE  
Sounds romantic. Patient meets...Was she a patient too?

Norman gives an explosive little laugh.

NORMAN  
Oh, God, no. She works there. She's a psychologist, one of the very best. I knew it the moment I met her. I said, 'Somebody you're going to bring peace to a lot of very tormented souls.' She knew I wasn't just, you know, coming on to her. She liked me for that.

135 INT. RECEPTION DESK AT HOSPITAL - CLOSE ON CONNIE

135

She's searching through a stack of patients' records. The NURSE on duty is listening to the radio: the Fran Ambrose Show.

FRAN'S VOICE

So, Ed, you and her -- you fell in love at first sight.

NORMAN'S VOICE

She did. It took me a couple more sights.

Connie approaches in time to hear Fran's voice; the sound of Norman's voice gone before she arrives; just misses.

FRAN'S VOICE

How quick did you get married?

The Nurse turns down the radio; we can barely hear:

NORMAN'S VOICE

Not quick at all. See, how I felt about myself was -- I don't want to meet the person who'd love a person like me.

NURSE

(to Connie)

Need some help?

Connie shakes her head; this exchange interrupting the voices from the radio.

During this, another NURSE signals Connie that a Patient has wandered out of his room.

NURSE #2

Mrs. Bates? I think Mr. Green needs sedation!

Connie goes quickly, as Nurse #1 turns up the radio, missing"

NORMAN'S VOICE

I never expected to fall in love, Fran. I used to think I'd never know what it's like to love somebody. I mean love. Not passion. All I'd ever felt was passion. Not even beautiful passion. Just lurid. Lurid.

136 BACK TO NORMAN IN KITCHEN

136

From the radio:

FRAN'S VOICE  
So the two of you, you're living  
happily ever after in your own  
little home?

NORMAN  
It's her house, really. From a  
previous marriage.

(a beat)  
We haven't heard from Doctor  
Richmond for a while. Did somebody  
throw a blanket over him?

FRAN'S VOICE  
He had to catch a plane. Book  
promotion tours are brutal. So, you  
live near the institution where she  
works?

Norman gets the distinct impression that he is being  
pumped.

NORMAN  
Excuse me, but shouldn't we get back  
to the focus of your show?

On the desk is the bread knife he took out of the cutlery  
drawer. He picks it up, looks at his blurry reflection in  
the blade. As he stares at it, Fran comes back on.

FRAN'S VOICE  
So, Ed, how did you do it?

Norman slowly lays the knife back down, goes and picks up  
the phone:

NORMAN  
How'd I do what?

FRAN'S VOICE  
How did you kill your mother?

NORMAN  
Slowly.

137  
thru  
138      OMITTED

137  
thru  
138

139 STUDIO - REACTION SHOT OF FRAN, MIKE, ELLEN  
reacting with a kind of chill.

139

FRAN  
I meant, what weapon?

NORMAN'S VOICE  
I'd rather not go into details, if  
you don't mind.

FRAN  
It upsets you, going over it  
again....

NORMAN'S VOICE  
It was a pretty famous case. If I  
say too much ---

140 INT. RECEPTION DESK AT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

140

The Nurse is pulling the files for Connie. The radio back  
up.

NORMAN'S VOICE  
(via radio)  
-- somebody'll figure out who I am.  
We don't live all that far from  
where the whole thing started. And  
I'm not the only one around here  
who's a fan of yours, I'm sure.

Connie returns from taking care of the patient to find the  
Nurse has found what she's been looking for. Connie gives  
the nurse's arm a little squeeze of appreciation takes the  
record folder and hurries away, as:

FRAN'S VOICE  
Ed, you know the expression 'hidden  
agenda'?

the Nurse changes to a music station.

141 THE STUDIO

141

Fran is quiet a moment; then:

NORMAN'S VOICE  
I've heard it.

FRAN  
You got one here? I mean, is this  
call about something more than  
killing your mother?

142 BACK TO NORMAN

142

After a moment's deliberation:

NORMAN

No, not really.

FRAN'S VOICE

There's nothing you haven't told us yet?

NORMAN

There's a lot I haven't told you yet.

FRAN'S VOICE

You know, you said something earlier about having to kill again.

NORMAN

You make a joke out of it.

143 BACK TO FRAN

143

FRAN

I'm really sorry about that. As a rule, I don't make a joke out of anything anybody says, especially somebody who has already been hurt bad.

144 BACK TO NORMAN

144

NORMAN

Apology unnecessary but accepted.  
Next question?

145 BACK TO FRAN

145

Something in Normans' tone warns Fran she'd better back off a bit; she drops the matter of his having to kill again.

FRAN

You know what I'm wondering -- and I'm sure our listeners are, too. What was the last straw? Of all the things your mother did to you, what really drove you to murder?

NORMAN

It began the night she brought him home for the first time.

146 CLOSE ON NORMAN

146

## NORMAN

It began the night she brought him  
home for the first time.

147 INT. MOTHER'S BEDROOM OF BATES HOUSE (1950) - NIGHT

147

Norman, aged sixteen, enters wearing pajamas and looking as if he has been sleeping a couple of hours. He doesn't have to put on the light to see his mother is not in bed; and the bed is still neatly made. The little clock on the bureau says it's more than an hour past midnight. Norman is more confused than worried. He turns to leave the room, when through the open window there comes the sound of a vehicle braking to a halt. Norman hurries to the window, and sees:

148 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

148

A pickup truck has stopped alongside the motel. Out of it hops CHET RUDOLPH, a big angel-faced lug of a man. He does around and opens the other door and helps Norman out. She pretends to trip, and falls into his eager arms. He hugs her, spins her around before letting her down on her feet. Then he throws a big arm around her and starts her towards the steps that lead up to the house. But Norma stops him, looking up at the house sneakily.

149 AT THE WINDOW - ON NORMAN

149

He gets back out of sight, waits, then peeps out again.

150 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW THROUGH WINDOW

150

Norma is leading Chet toward the row of cabins. They go into the porch and out of sight. A moment, and a light is seen in the rear window of Cabin One. Norma comes to the window and quickly pulls the curtains shut.

151 INT. PARLOR BEHIND MOTEL OFFICE

151

The door between parlor and office stands wide open; both rooms are lighted only by the glow of the neon motel sign out front. Through the wall comes the muffled sounds of Norma and Chet in the cabin next door. Mostly low, sexy laughter. Norman comes stealing into the office then on through into this room. He stands stock still, listening to the sounds from next door which now include a bouncing of bed springs.

CONTINUED

151 CONTINUED

151

then he silently goes and -- more out of habit than necessity, places the foot stool below the framed picture that his father hung there long, long ago. He gets up on the stool, removes the picture, lowers it, resting it on the stool and against the wall. Then he puts his face to the hole in the wall.

152 CLOSE ON NORMAN'S PROFILE

152

A tiny circle of light, coming through the hole in the corresponding wall, hits Norman's face. He moves his face closer, until the circle of light hits his eye. He blinks, then looks wide-eyed at:

153 CABIN ONE - NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - THROUGH HOLE IN WALLL 153

Chet, stripped to the waist, is standing at the foot of the bed, his eyes fixed on Norma, unseen on the bed. He chuckles his pants then his undershorts, then he comes along the side of the bed. When he reaches the middle, Norma sits up, arms outstretched to him; she, too, is naked. As her arms go around him, Chet lowers himself onto Norma with a kind of sweet grunt. His weight pushes her back onto the bed, out of view. With this, Norma gives a terrible sob, like she'd forgotten how painfully pleasurable it can be to have a man penetrate her.

154 BACK TO NORMAN - CLOSE ON HIS PROFILE

154

He closes his eyes but doesn't move; he seems stuck there, as if by some spell. Over this, the sounds of pleasure coming from Cabin One, sounds at once heaven-born and animalistic.

ABRUPT CUT TO

155 INT. KITCHEN OF BATES HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING - (1950)

155

Norma, clad in her usual flimsy robe, is happily making breakfast, humming softly and deliciously to herself. Norman come down the back stairs dressed for school.

NORMA

Good morning, good morning, good morning!

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED

155

Norman doesn't respond; can't bring himself to even look at his mother. She gets this, shrews her lips and then, smiling again, puts a sausage-and-egg platter on the table for Norman. He ignores it, pours himself a glass of orange juice from a bottle he takes from the refrigerator.

NORMA

(cheerfully)

This is one morning you are not going to spoil for me, my dear. Now eat your breakfast and be on your way. You don't want to be late for school.

Norman finishes the juice, washes out the glass, picks up his schoolbooks and starts out the back door.

NORMA

Wait a minute.

Norman stops but doesn't look back.

NORMA

You saw us, didn't you?

NORMAN

(flushing guiltily)

What are you talking about?

NORMA

You were at the window when we drove up. You saw me and Chet, didn't you?

NORMAN

(as if it were a dirty four-letter word)

Chet.

NORMA

Chet Rudolph. We're going to get married. Soon as he gets his divorce.

NORMAN

(swings around;  
shocked, angry)

Where'd you find him? When did you start going to cheap bars?

CONTINUED

155 CONTINUED (2)

155

NORMA

(smiling)

In fact, he does happen to be a  
bartender. Used to be, rather.  
From now on he's going to work here.  
At our motel. He's also going to  
live here. In our house.

Norman stares at her, his vision blurred by rage and  
anguish. Chet comes into the room wearing a long, silk  
bathrobe.

NORMA

Good morning, darling. You two say  
hello to each other.

Chet, smiling sweetly, big beefy hand extended, steps  
toward Norman, who sees the robe.

NORMAN

Take my father's robe off!

Chet pretends he's going to, then stops:

CHET

Oops, no underwear.

(man to man,  
privately)

See, you wanna be naked around a  
lady only when you're having sex  
with her. Any other time, it ain't  
respectful.

Norman spins on his heel and races out the back door.

156 BACK TO PRESENT-DAY NORMAN

156

Still holding the phone to his ear, he rushes to the sink  
and with his free hand splashes cold water on his face.

FRAN'S VOICE

(from O.C. radio)

You sure weren't about to give that  
man a chance, were you?

Norman straightens up abruptly with:

NORMAN

He wasn't a man.

157 EXT. FOOT OF STEPS TO BATES HOUSE - DAY - (1950)

157

Chet and Norman come along, Chet carrying a great big sports store box. Grinning like a happy dad, he stops, look around, taps his foot on the hard-packed lawn alongside the path.

CHET

This is good. Grass won't hurt as much when you deck me.

He drops the box, takes out two pairs of boxing gloves.

CUT TO

158 A SERIES OF SHOTS - THE BOXING LESSON

158

Chet, gloved now, is demonstrating footwork and jabbing, while Norman, also gloved, watches from the side. Chet deliberately trips himself, falls to the ground, starts counting as if he were also the referee. Norman is forced to smile in amusement. Chet bounces to his feet, shadow-boxes a bit and then starts aiming his punches at Norman, each punch getting closer. Instinctively Norman starts defending himself; he even manages to land one on Chet's jaw. Chet laughs and retaliates with a really hard blow to Norman's upper arm. Norman reels away in pain.

CHET

Sorry. Sometimes I don't know my own strength.

(normal voice)

You hit me back now. G'head. Get even.

Reluctantly, Norman gets ready to swing. Chet holds, waiting.

CHET

Come on, Normie.

Norman is unable or unwilling to swing.

CHET

What's the matter? Hey, you're not a girl, are you? Your mom swore to me that you're a boy. Not too badly hung, either, she said.

Goaded, Norman swings at Chet full-force. Chet deftly spins out of the way and, in the same movement, drives a fierce blow at Norman's face. Norman reels, staggers, falls to the ground, rolls over once, twice -- and is stopped as he rolls up against his mother's feet.

CONTINUED

158 CONTINUED

158

He hadn't seen her come into the area (neither had we). He raises his reddened, bloodied face and looks up at her through eyes bleared by pain. She is looking down at him with a disgusted smile, as if she were smelling something bad but was too polite to say so. Chet comes over and throws an arm around her, tells her, cheerfully:

CHET  
The kid's got potential.

Norma gives one of her silent laughs and then kisses the large muscle in the front of Chet's upper arm. And Chet, gloves still on, sweeps her up in his arms and carries her off. Final shot is of Norman lying there watching them go, his eyes glaring murderously.

159  
thru  
160 OMITTED

159  
thru  
160

CUT BACK TO

161 BACK TO NORMAN

161

Frustrated, Norman throws the knife across the room.

161A INSERT - KNIFE

161A

as it slams into the wall, shivering.

162 THE RADIO STUDIO

162

During a commercial Ellen comes out of her booth to speak privately with Fran, who's sitting there worriedly.

ELLEN  
I called the police in Fairvale.

FRAN  
(surprised by not  
angry)

And?

ELLEN  
I got this nice desk sergeant, he seemed real happy to help me, but when I asked him where Norman Bates got sent, he went real tight-ass.  
'Sorry, privileged information' kind of thing.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

162 CONTINUED

162

ELLEN (Cont'd)  
Shall I call that editor again, see  
if he can help without making a big  
stink about it?

FRAN  
Let me think about that.

Inside the booth, Mike holds up the phone in a happy  
gesture; he punches the "talk" button and announces:

MIKE  
Norman Bates!

163 NORMAN - IN THE KITCHEN

163

He has regained his composure, and has the phone at the  
ready. From the radio:

FRAN  
Thanks for calling back...Ed.

NORMAN  
You're welcome, I'm sure.

164 STUDIO - ON FRAN

164

She smiles then gets serious:

FRAN  
Look, about this business of having  
to kill again -- is it your mother  
ordering you to, like you said she  
did the first time?

NORMAN'S VOICE  
My mother has nothing to do with  
this -- not directly. But she  
always has been and always will be  
a major factor in my behavior.  
After all, I have her seed in me.

165 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM IN INSTITUTION - NIGHT

165

Connie passes outside door, hears radio is on, sees patient  
in bed is asleep. She comes in to turn the radio off.  
During this, without interruption from previous shot:

FRAN'S VOICE  
A 'bad seed' -- would you say?

CONTINUED

165 CONTINUED

165

NORMAN'S VOICE

Count on it.

At this moment, Connie has reached out to turn the radio off. The tone of Norman's voice, rather than the sound of it, stays Connie's hand. She raises a brow quizzically.

FRAN'S VOICE

In spite of that, you've started a new life, right?

NORMAN'S VOICE

(enigmatically)

Right. A new life.

FRAN'S VOICE

Ed? Will you tell me something?

Norman does not answer.

FRAN'S VOICE

Ed?

NORMAN'S VOICE

I'm here.

The name "Ed" makes Connie think she's been imagining things. She switches off the radio and leaves the room.

166 THE STUDIO - ON FRAN

166

FRAN

What I need to know is why you're going to ruin this great new life of yours. I mean, I don't know who you intend to...kill...but whoever it is, is it worth losing everything? Because that's what will happen when you get caught. And you will get caught.

(pauses for emphasis)

Unless you let me help you.

NORMAN'S VOICE

Help me to not get caught?

FRAN

I don't think you want to be flippant about this. I don't think you want to flush your new life down the toilet, either. I think you want me to stop you.

CONTINUED

166 CONTINUED

166

NORMAN'S VOICE

Well, you're wrong. Would you like  
me to prove it...by hanging up?

Fran quickly signals Ellen:

FRAN

Let's give you a break, Ed, take  
another call.

167 CONTROL BOOTH - FAVORING ELLEN

167

as she pushes a button. Words identify the caller on  
Ellen's computer screen.

FRAN'S VOICE

Go ahead...Andrew, a first-time  
caller from Hemet.

168 NORMAN - IN THE KITCHEN

168

as, via the radio:

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE

I'd like to know...this girl he  
killed because she wanted to have  
sex with him ---

FRAN'S VOICE

(cutting in )

I don't think discussing past  
victims is productive, do you, Ed?

NORMAN

Well, it sounds to me like your  
listeners want to hear all about my  
victims. All my victims. Right?

169 ON FRAN

169

FRAN

(rather than lose him)

If you think so.

NORMAN'S VOICE

The second victim was...an older  
woman.

FRAN

What was your mother's reason for  
wanting this one killed? Sex again?

170 ON NORMAN

170

NORMAN

My mother was not evil just for the  
fun of it.

171 ON FRAN

171

FRAN

I didn't mean it to sound that way.  
If it did, I'm sorry.

172 ON NORMAN

172

NORMAN

She was so alone. It's one of the  
things I'll never forget about  
her...the loneliness.

FAST DISSOLVE TO

173 EXT. BATES MOTEL AND HOUSE - DAY - (1948)

173

Camera very slowly moves in on the window of Mother's room.  
Standing in it, looking exactly as present-day Norman is  
describing her, is Norma.

NORMAN'S VOICE

She used to stand at the window  
waiting for me to get home from  
school and I don't think it was  
because she was ever really happy  
to see me. It was just that I was  
all she had. So she became like a  
child with a single toy: Me. She  
could play with me or lock me away  
or...break me.

FRAN'S VOICE

I tell you, I think it's some kind  
of miracle that you survived all  
these -- how many years has it been?

174 BACK TO PRESENT-DAY NORMAN

174

NORMAN

Don't remind me. Most of them I  
spent in...those places.

CONTINUED

174 CONTINUED

174

He begins unconsciously to walk back and forth, back and forth, as if this kitchen were nothing more or better than one of those cell-like rooms in one of "those places."

NORMAN

After the last murder four years ago -- murders, plural -- I wanted to either be executed or locked up for life so I'd never hurt anybody again. I really wanted to protect the world from this aging bad seed known as Norman Bates.

He realizes he has spoken his real name but it seems not to matter too much to him.

175 ON FRAN

175

reacting to Norman's use of his real name.

176 BACK TO NORMAN

176

He stops pacing, sinks onto a chair.

NORMAN

But instead they sent me to this place a lot like Sidonia. The same rough therapy. The same phased re-entry into society.

177 ON FRAN

177

She frowns like she gut-senses something but can't nail it down in her intellect.

178 ON NORMAN

178

NORMAN

Didn't you do a show recently on young men and older women?

(before Fran can respond)

I don't remember how I wound up in my second victim's car at two in the morning.

179 INT. CAR OUTSIDE BATES MOTEL - NIGHT - (1951)

179

Norman, aged seventeen, is necking with GLORIA WARD, an attractive over-forty. When their kiss comes to an end, Gloria pulls away from Norman to catch her breath.

GLORIA

Baby, you got a tongue like an elephant's memory.

Norman tries to kiss her again.

GLORIA

Let me get my breath.

NORMAN

Let's go to your cabin.

GLORIA

My husband doesn't dig threesomes.  
You live in that house up there?

NORMAN

Oh, God!

GLORIA

What?

NORMAN

I have to give my mother her two o'clock medication. I'll be right back -- and then I'll take you some place real private.

GLORIA

(a little desperately)  
You mean it?

But Norman has bolted from the car and gone running for the house.

Gloria desperate not to lose the boy's interest puts fresh lipstick on. She stops, hearing in distinct voices from the house: a boy and his mother arguing. The voices stop, and she opens a button on her blouse, preparing herself for easy access.

Suddenly the back door is yanked open, and a shadowy figure bursts into the car. Before Gloria can help herself, a pair of hands comes into shot, a cord stretched between them. The cord goes around Gloria's neck, pulls her back against the back of the seat. In the rearview mirror she catches a glimpse of her assailant -- seventeen-year-old Norman, in a wig, his mouth smeared with lipstick, a nightgown over his clothes. Gloria's eyes bulge in horror.

CONTINUED

179 CONTINUED

179

MOTHER'S VOICE  
Drive, whore!

180 thru 182 OMITTED

180 thru 182

183 EXT. GLORIA'S CAR OUTSIDE MOTEL - NIGHT

183

With a horrendous jolt, the car zooms off into the night. When it has disappeared, camera cranes up to show us the window of Mother's room. Seated in it, the silhouetted corpse of Norma Bates. Camera slowly creeps to the corpse, until the head is a big closeup.

CUT DIRECTLY TO

184 INT. GLORIA'S CAR - IN SWAMP AREA - NIGHT

184

A matching, big closeup of Gloria's head. The cord has been knotted around her throat; her eyes are bulging, her tongue protruding: she is either unconscious or already dead.

185 EXT. SWAMP AREA - NIGHT - A SERIES OF SHOTS

185

Norman gets out of the backseat of the car, opens the driver's door, catches Gloria as she slumps limply out. He grabs her under her armpits, drags her toward the rear of the car.

Gloria's eyes flicker, showing she's still alive; but she is unable to regain total consciousness. Reaching the rear, Norman lets Gloria slump against his legs while he opens the trunk. But it's locked.

He lets Gloria fall to the ground, hurries to get the keys out of the ignition. While he's gone, Gloria rallies enough to start loosening the cord around her throat. Norman returns to find her doing this.

He tightens the cord again, causing Gloria to black out again.

He opens the trunk; then, as he moves to lift Gloria up and into the trunk, he notices that the buttons of her blouse have popped -- and her blouse is open. One of her breasts has come dislodged from its bra cup. With this, the sheer power of Norman's innate masculinity breaks through this pathological charade, and his hand goes lovingly around the exposed breast.

CONTINUED

185 CONTINUED

185

His touch brings Gloria around and she manages a terrible, torn-throat kind of scream. The scream brings Norman's "Mother-side" back to power, and Norman, his selfness submerged again, picks up Gloria and heaves her into the trunk and slams the lid on her.

Then he starts pushing the car into the swamp. At the swamp's edge, he slips, falls to his knees, looks sorrowfully at the way his gown has become all muddied and sullied.

The car, meanwhile, moves on into the swamp, begins to sink. Suddenly and horrifyingly, Gloria is heard screaming inside the trunk.

Norman jolts up, stares in disbelief. He debates what to do as the car continues to sink -- and Gloria continues to scream and beg for help and bang on the underside of the lid of the trunk.

Norman's face expresses a distant horror -- as if his self were anguishing over such an enormity as letting a person be buried alive in a swamp. But all Norman can do is watch and listen and wait for the car to sink deep enough to drown out the terrible noises of Gloria's frantic voice and pounding.

186 RADIO STUDIO

186

Starting on wall clock -- showing it's now ten to ten -- and widening to see Fran. She reacts to the enormity that Norman has just described. She needs to find out who he intends to kill next. Time is running out. For a long beat, she is speechless.

FRAN  
(incredulous)  
This plan you have tonight...to kill someone. You mean you're going to do it again?..will you say afterwards it was your mother who made you do it?

187 ON NORMAN

187

He pulls the knife from the wall and washes it at the sink, the phone caught between ear and shoulder. He speaks as he works.

NORMAN  
No. My mother's not here any more.

CONTINUED

187 CONTINUED

187

FRAN'S VOICE

You sound angry about that. Are you?

NORMAN

(drying the knife)

No, really. Talking to you has helped a lot.

188 ON FRAN

188

FRAN

(hopefully)

You mean you don't feel as much like killing again as you did when you first called in?

NORMAN'S VOICE

I'm not feeling the emptiness as bad.

FRAN

(sympathetically)

I guess you've been feeling it pretty much from Day One.

189 ON NORMAN

189

as he looks at his reflection in the knife to check if he has polished it enough:

NORMAN

It didn't really start until I saw her in her coffin.

190 INT. PARLOR OF BATES HOUSE - NIGHT - (1950)

190

In front of Norma Bates' coffin, which is closed, is a single folding chair. On a chair back by the window sleeps an Old Woman; her snoring is the only sound heard. The candles flanking the coffin are the only illumination. Over this, without interruption from previous shot:

NORMAN'S VOICE

I was pretty okay while she was in the morgue. But when they brought her home in that thing...when I saw her...I knew a pain that can only be described as soul cancer.

CONTINUED

190 CONTINUED

190

Norman, aged sixteen, steals into the parlor, makes sure the old woman "death watcher" is asleep and then goes to the coffin. using a key he takes from his pocket to open it. Then he begins lifting his mother's corpse out. During this, continuing:

NORMAN'S VOICE  
I had to have her back...any way I  
could get her.

191 INT. THE FRUIT CELLAR - NIGHT

191

Norma Bates' corpse is laid out on a long table. Norman is at another table readying his taxidermy chemicals and instruments. Alongside the table, a large box stuffed with straw and fabric stuffing. Over this, continuing after a moment's quiet:

NORMAN'S VOICE  
I had this hobby, taxidermy...a  
passion, really, I'd make so many  
birds and little animals look as if  
they'd come back to life, I didn't  
see why I couldn't do it for her.

Norman goes to the corpse, looks at it respectfully, touches the hair longingly. As he does, he discovers it is a wig.

NORMAN'S VOICE  
The undertaker had put a wig on her!  
Because of what the strychnine had  
done to her hair.

Norman removes the wig; some of Norma's own hair comes with it. He turns away in disgust and guilt.

192 INT. THE PARLOR

192

As before -- except that the coffin, its lid still standing open, now contains a dumping of several large tomes and volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

NORMAN'S VOICE  
But I had to have her, even without  
her crowning glory.

Norman enters, carrying the rest of the Encyclopaedia set. As he dumps the volumes into the coffin:

CONTINUED

192 CONTINUED

192

NORMAN'S VOICE  
(quoting Dr. Richmond  
without sarcasm)  
Matricide is probably the most  
unbearable crime of all...and most  
unbearable to the son who commits  
it.

CUT TO

193 OMITTED

193

194 INT. KITCHEN OF PRESENT-DAY NORMAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

194

Mrs. Lane has come through the hedge and is at Norman's back door with the present seen earlier, when she got home. She knocks on the kitchen door, peers through the curtained window, as Norman steps behind the cupboard.

He's holding dead still. Mrs. Lane knocks again, and then, a flashlight beam slices through the shadows.

MRS. LANE

Norman?

(a beat)

Connie?

Norman goes near the interior door leading to the hallway, calls real loud:

NORMAN

I'm in the bathroom, Mrs. Lane.

MRS. LANE'S VOICE

Okay. I'll try you later.

Norman listens to her footsteps fading away. He knows now that what he must do cannot be done here. But where? While he considers this, the sound of the radio fades back into his consciousness:

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE

Fran, I just called to say I'm really moved by the life this guy's had to put up with. But here he is getting to off somebody again and I'm thinking, what is it with these institutions that let violent criminals out too soon? Do you think it's okay?

195 OMITTED

195

196 STUDIO

196

FRAN

I'm not here to say it's okay or  
not. But thanks for calling.  
(looks at wall clock)  
Look, Norman, time's running out.  
We go off the air ten o'clock sharp.  
Now, I want you to think about how  
your wife is going to feel when the  
police call to say, come down to the  
station -- or the hospital -- or the  
morgue. Because maybe this time  
your victim will strike back. Maybe  
you'll be the one that winds up  
dead.

197 NORMAN

197

He's still considering his options, calmly. Via the radio:

FRAN'S VOICE  
(continuing from  
previous shot)

And what'll losing you do to your  
wife? She puts her faith in you,  
Norman. She believes in you. She  
must -- or she wouldn't have fallen  
in love with you while you were  
still in a mental institution. And  
now -- damnit! you're going to take  
her faith and ---

Norman suddenly explodes, going shockingly from calm to a  
tormented rage in a microsecond:

NORMAN  
I don't care! She deserves to die!  
She asked for it!

FRAN'S VOICE  
(shocked)  
You mean you're going to kill your  
wife?

NORMAN  
Don't you judge me, too!

FRAN'S VOICE  
(frantic, trying to  
soothe)  
I wouldn't do that, Norman. Never.

198 CONTROL BOOTH

198

Mike and Ellen still looking shocked by Norman's revelation as an alarmed Fran punches the "cough" button, addresses Ellen:

FRAN

Call that newspaper back. Tell them it's a matter of life and death.

199 BACK TO NORMAN IN KITCHEN

199

Norman hasn't moved a muscle.

FRAN'S VOICE

Norman, what I want to know is why.

Norman doesn't answer.

FRAN'S VOICE

You said she deserves to die. How's that? What'd she do that she should pay for it with her life?

NORMAN

She let herself get pregnant.

200 ON FRAN

200

She's relieved to have him talking again, and is afraid to say anything but:

FRAN

Uh-huh.

NORMAN'S VOICE

I thought I'd convinced her what a mistake it would be for us to have a child. Long before we got married I said to her, 'No kids, Connie.' I said, 'I've killed damn near a dozen human beings.' Maybe I'm well now ---

201 ON NORMAN

201

NORMAN

(continuing)

-- but I'm not cured. I'll never be cured. I mean, I know how to live in the same reality the rest of society lives in, but that's all I'm doing, living in it, like a border in a rooming house.

202 BACK TO STUDIO - VARIOUS SHOTS

202

of Fran, Mike and Ellen listening intently as Norman continues without interruption:

NORMAN  
I'm still who I always was, my genes  
are the same ones I got from my  
mother, I'm still her flesh and  
blood ---

203 BACK TO NORMAN

203

NORMAN  
-- her seed. I said, 'Let the Bates  
line end with me, Connie.' And  
finally she said okay.

204 ON FRAN

204

FRAN  
Let me ask you this: Could she have  
gotten pregnant by accident?

NORMAN'S VOICE  
When she called she'd just heard  
from her doctor. She said she  
didn't tell me she'd gone off the  
pill because she was afraid I'd stop  
making love to her. That's how we  
always thought of it -- as making  
love.

205 ON NORMAN

205

NORMAN  
(continuing)  
And it wasn't supposed to bring  
forth another monster.

FRAN'S VOICE  
So she planned this on her own;  
after you said all these things to  
her?

NORMAN  
Because she just doesn't believe  
that my kind of problem can be  
genetic. I mean, they have proved  
that it is, Fran.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED

205 CONTINUED

205

NORMAN (Cont'd)

Scientists have proved that the underlying cause of this kind of insanity is genetic. But she doesn't buy it.

FRAN'S VOICE

So what does she expect you to do now? Just get mad at her, maybe not talk to her for a few days, and then get over it? I mean, she knows your history....

NORMAN

She said she has faith in me.

206 STUDIO

206

Fran shakes her head, addresses her listeners:

FRAN

(a beat)

Norman, we've only got a little time left. If we haven't talked this out when I go off, will you stay on the line? We can talk just as easy by phone, right?

Norman doesn't answer. Fran tries not to let her growing desperation show in her voice:

FRAN

See, Norman, I think you don't want to kill your wife. I think that's why you called in. And thank God you did, because now it's not too late to ---

NORMAN'S VOICE

(interrupting)

It is too late. My mind's made up.

FRAN

Yeah, but maybe Connie's isn't. I mean, she can end this pregnancy.

207 ON NORMAN

207

NORMAN

She said she'd never kill a life  
inside her, not even to save her  
own. There's your god.

(smiles oddly)

You can't believe I'm going to do  
it, can you?

FRAN'S VOICE

I don't want to believe it.

(a pause)

No, you're right, I can't believe  
it.

NORMAN

Why not?

FRAN'S VOICE

Well, for one thing, your mother's  
not here anymore -- your own words,  
Norman, remember? She can't tell  
you what to do, how to do it.

NORMAN

No, this time it'll be my own hands.  
Mine alone.

(a pause, for  
emphasis)

Just like the first time.

With this, camera moves in extremely close on his face.  
The transition to the next scene is slow, and accompanied  
by distorted sounds impossible to identify yet vaguely  
sexual. Norman turns toward the hallway, and steps into  
limbo. Move from limbo, and into:

208 INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - NIGHT - (1950)

208

in which Norma and Chet are having mad and noisy sex.  
Present-day Norman watches from a distance, then turns away  
from the unbearable sight.

DISSOLVE TO

209 INT. KITCHEN OF BATES HOUSE - SAME TIME AS PREVIOUS SHOT  
- (1950)

209

Norman, aged sixteen, wearing only blue denims on this hot  
night, is fixing a pitcher of iced tea. As image converts  
to color, there comes from upstairs the sound of Norma's

CONTINUED

209 CONTINUED

209

bed bumping, accompanied by a string of sex cries, male and female. Norman tries to ignore the noise but he can't. It's driving him crazy. He drops what he's doing, covers his ears hard with his hands. Still he can hear it. He drops his hands, turns to run out of the house, stops dead as -- abruptly and surprisingly, all sounds from upstairs cease. The merciful silence lasts only seconds. Then comes a long groan of post-orgasmic bliss. Then, distantly:

NORMA'S VOICE

Where's that iced tea? Norman!

Norman hurriedly places the glass pitcher and two glasses on a tray then remembers he forgot to add the vanilla. He goes and gets the little brown bottle, returns, opens it -- and freezes...struck by a thought that has long been in the back of his mind but has only this instant come forward. He puts the vanilla down, goes to another pantry door, reaches in and scans the shelves until his gaze falls upon:

210 BOTTLE IN MEDICINE CABINET

210

It's dark brown, about the size of a cough syrup bottle. Its label reads: STRYCHNINE - NERVOUS SYSTEM STIMULANT - USE ONLY AS DIRECTED.

211 ENTRANCE HALLWAY OF BATES HOUSE - TO INCLUDE STAIRCASE

211

Norman comes down the corridor from the kitchen carrying the tray with the pitcher of iced tea and two glasses.

212 CLOSE ON NORMAN'S BARE FEET

212

climbing the stairs slowly, silently.

213 HALLWAY AT TOP OF STAIRS

213

Through wide open door to Mother's room, Chet is seen sprawled naked on the bed, the sheet entwined about his middle. Norma, in a new and colorful kimono, is just coming out of the bathroom. She carries a towel, which she flings at Chet with:

NORMA

Put this around you and go down and see what's keeping that kid. I'm so thirsty I can hardly swallow.

CONTINUED

213 CONTINUED

213

CHET  
(lewd)  
Can't have that, can we?

214 MOVING WITH NORMAN

214

He reaches the upper landing and turns toward his mother's room; simultaneously Chet is seen coming toward the door, tying the towel around him as he comes. At the sight of Norman he stops, goes back and flings himself down on the bed again.

215 MOTHER'S ROOM

215

Norman enters, puts the tray down on a table. Never once looking at either his mother or her lover, he fills the two glasses with iced tea, taking care to get a few ice cubes in each glass. Then he turns and goes, passing his mother without a glance although he knows she's been watching him.

NORMA  
Not a word about my new kimono?

NORMAN  
(without stopping)  
It's lurid.

He goes out of the room. Norma and Chet exchange looks then burst out laughing.

CHET  
Lurid! Where does he get his ways?

NORMA  
Not from me.

A roll of distant thunder stops her laughter. She hurries to Chet, but he's not in the mood to comfort her.

CHET  
Put the radio on.

Saying this, he gets up to go to the bathroom. Along the way he picks up a glass of iced tea, chug-a-lugs it as he goes into the bathroom, kicking the door shut behind him.

216 HALLWAY OUTSIDE MOTHER'S ROOM

216

Norman is hiding in the shadows, staring expressionlessly into his mother's room, seeing:

217 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - MOTHER'S ROOM

217

Norma has turned the radio on. She finds dance music, dances her way to the iced tea, takes up a glass, presses its coldness to her temples as she goes on dreamily dancing. A little of the tea spills onto her face and neck. It feels good, so she spills a little more onto herself.

218 CLOSE ON NORMAN

218

worrying that Norma might just douse herself with the whole glass.

219 MOTHER'S ROOM

219

But Norma doesn't spill anymore. She starts sipping the tea, a tiny sip at first and then increasingly longer sips. Suddenly, from the bathroom comes a horrible sound; at the same time the door bursts open and Chet comes staggering out, the empty glass still in one hand, the other hand clutching his belly. And still giving out that terrible sound, like an animal trying to vomit up its prey.

220 CLOSE ON NORMA

220

She stands transfixed in mystified fear.

221 CLOSE ON NORMAN

221

He watches, eyes wide, breathing shallow.

222 BACK TO MOTHER'S ROOM

222

Chet reels toward the bed, throwing his glass away and clutching his belly with both hands. As he passes Norma he sees she has her glass in hand -- and it is half-empty.

CHEAT  
(a wild groan)  
No...!

He slams the glass out of her hand, takes another step toward the bed, falls to his knees. Norma goes to him, kneels beside him.

NORMA  
What is it? What's happening?  
Chet!

CONTINUED

222 CONTINUED

222

CHET  
(between gasps; lips  
starting to foam)  
He poisoned us! He -- !

He starts to dry-heave. Norma raises herself to her feet. She's confused and frightened, unable to believe what she has just heard. She shakes her head no, no, no, but then -- a belly pain grips her. Her hands go to it. She starts for the bathroom as the bile rises in her throat. She stops dead as she sees through the open door to the hall:

223 NORMA'S POINT OF VIEW - NORMAN

223

standing out there watching her.

224 BACK TO NORMA

224

She knows it's true. She has seen it in Norman's face. Propelled by rage, she thrusts herself toward the door, shrieking:

NORMA  
You dirty little bastard!

She stumbles to her knees, starts to vomit into her hand.

225 WITH NORMAN

225

He moves closer to the door as if compelled to help his mother. He steps over the threshold, starts to bend down to her. Her hand shoots out and grabs his ankle. She screams at him as she uses him to pull herself to her feet:

NORMA  
You're dead! You hear me? You're  
dead!

Norman pulls loose, runs from the room, stops at the head of the stairs as he hears heavy footsteps coming behind him. He turns and sees Chet has revived himself enough to go after his killer, while Norma barks at Chet:

NORMA  
Kill him! Kill the little -- !

Norman spins around and starts down the stairs. But Chet is right behind him; and now Norma has rallied a bit and is right behind Chet.

226 FULL SHOT - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY AND STAIRCASE

226

Norman slips as he descends, loses his balance, has to grab on to the bannister railing. This gives Chet a chance to grab him, spin him around.

227 CLOSE ON NORMAN

227

His face is full of terror as he is spun around by Chet. But he yanks free, losing his footing as he does so. He begins to fall backwards down the steps. But he manages to grab ahold of a bannister, and he breaks his fall. He slides down the rest of the way.

228 FULL SHOT - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY AND STAIRCASE

228

Norman pulls himself to his feet by the newel post. Chet has stopped halfway down the stairs, is holding on to the railing and writhing in unspeakable agony. Norma is coming down past Chet, her stark, pain-stretched eyes fixed on Norman. A flare of hope goes up in Norma's eyes. It is matched by the flare of terror in Norman's. Hope giving her strength, Norma manages to make her way down the rest of the stairs. Norma grabs the newel post. But Norman snaps out of his terror trance in time. He grabs Norma, slams a hand over her mouth as he pulls her down to the floor and she vomits through his fingers. She hasn't strength enough left to resist Norman, whose strength is fueled by the fear of getting caught.

Norman holds his mother still and silent in a virtual death-grip. Chet staggers down the stairs. His mouth is open and he is calling but no sound is coming out; only greenish liquid. At the foot of the stairs Chet collapses, quietly and almost gracefully. His face is distorted against the carpet, his eyes are closed -- seemingly forever. Norman as quiet as possible drags his mother's almost limp form over Chet and toward the stairs that lead down to the fruit cellar.

229 OMITTED

229

230 THE STAIRWAY TO THE FRUIT CELLAR

230

Norman is dragging his mother down to the darkened cellar. She is breathing with a hollow, deathly kind of rattle; she has no resistance left.

231 OMITTED

231

232 THE FRUIT CELLAR

232

Norman opens the door, reaches in and flips the light on. Then he drags his mother in with him. He is tiring. He drops her, grabs her in a different position, drags her along the floor. He stops in the middle of the room, just below the hanging light fixture. He takes a long deep breath then looks down at his mother.

233 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - CLOSE ON NORMA

233

Her face is upturned. It is contorted in pain. Greenish foam besmirches her lips, her chin. Her eyes are open. There is in them a look of sentience, that awareness which does not involve thought or perception. She knows she is moments from death.

234 FULL SHOT - THE FRUIT CELLAR

234

Norman bends down, takes hold of Norma under her arms and starts to lift her onto an old rocking chair that is rotting there, its cane seat torn and stiff. Once he has her on it, he takes a handkerchief out of his pocket and use it to wipe his mother's face clean. Then he goes and sits on a box to watch her die the rest of the way.

She seems unable to breathe, then, involuntarily she takes one last, powerful breath; and expels it with such force that she knocks herself out of the rocking chair. Norman moves swiftly as a bird, catching his mother just as she is about to hit the floor. He starts to lift her back onto the chair, finds she is heavier than before: or is it that he is weaker?

He takes a deep breath, heaves her upward -- and expels the breath in a howl of terror as another howl comes from the door behind him. It's Chet, raging into the cellar with a show of strength and stamina almost beyond the imagining.

He goes for Norman, who tries to run for the steps that lead to outside the house. He heaves himself at Norman, knocking him to the floor and himself atop him. But this is the last of Chet's strength. He lies there on top of Norman barely able to breathe.

His face presses Norman's, smearing it with the poisons regurgitated from his belly. Norman flails, trying to get free. Chet manages to reach a hand to Norman's throat, tries to get a grip on it.

CONTINUED

234 CONTINUED

234

Spurred by this last, seemingly superhuman effort on Chet's part, Norman pulls and pushes himself free.

As he clammers to his feet, he accidentally hits the rocking chair in which Norma's lifeless body is sprawled. The chair starts rocking back and forth, back and forth. At the same time, Chet gasps his final breath; it leaves his body with a surprisingly delicate noise.

Norman backs away, slowly, wiping his face with the backs of his hands, which he then wipes on his jeans. Then he stops, stands there, staring at his mother and her lover and what he has done to them.

235 CLOSE ON NORMAN

235

As he stares he takes out of his pocket a little cellophane bag of Kandy Korn. He take one out, pops it in his mouth. He chews and chews and then takes another, pops it in his mouth. His eyes have that curious glaze of impartiality often seen in the eyes of those who have just gone quietly mad. Over this image, distantly at first, comes the present-day sound of the closing musical theme of the Fran Amrose Show.

DIRECT CUT TO

236 IN THE KITCHEN - PRESENT-DAY NORMAN

236

On the radio, Fran, sounding desperate as she hears the closing music.

FRAN'S VOICE

Norman...?

NORMAN

Still think I can't kill my wife --  
a man that can kill his own mother  
like that?

237 ON FRAN - IN RADIO STATION

237

FRAN

Norman, will you stay on the line?

Norman doesn't answer.

FRAN

Please, Norman, once you hang up....

She can't finish the awful thought, so:

238 NORMAN

238

finishes it for her:

NORMAN  
...that's the end of The Fran  
Ambrose Show.

FRAN'S VOICE  
(over loud music)  
What'd you say?

NORMAN  
I said the show's over.

And saying this, he turns off the radio and hangs up the phone almost simultaneously. He holds for a long moment, thinking expressionlessly. He gets an idea, considers it, decides it's the answer he's looking for. Quickly he picks up the phone again, taps out a number.

239 INT. RECEPTION DESK AT HOSPITAL - NIGHT

239

Connie is leaving, big pink bakery box in hand. The Nurse calls to her, extending the phone.

NURSE  
For you.

Connie gestures that she hasn't time to take anymore calls.

NURSE  
It's your husband.

Connie goes over to the counter, puts the box down, takes the phone:

CONNIE  
Norman?

DIRECT CUT TO

240 EXT. BACKYARD OF SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT - (MINUTES LATER)

240

The rain's coming down a lot harder now. The house is totally dark save for the little exterior light over the kitchen door. Camera pans to the garage to see a station wagon coming out, headlights dark. Norman is at the wheel. He peels away as Mrs. Lane comes out, watching in surprise as the red light of the tail lights fade from her face.

241  
thru  
242

OMITTED

241  
thru  
242

243 EXT. CALIFORNIA FREEWAY - NIGHT

243

There's not a lot of traffic at this hour, but the rain is making things glittery and risky. We pick out the white sedan Connie is driving.

244 INT. WHITE SEDAN

244

Starting on the big pink bakery box on the floor on the passenger-seat side, and moving up to Connie's face. She is looking anxious and worried and mystified but she is driving carefully. The rain on the windshield reflects on her face as oncoming headlights hit the car. And the sounds of the wipers is annoying.

245 EXT. OFF RAMP - NIGHT

245

The white sedan slows as Connie makes certain this is the exit she's looking for. Uncertainly she takes it.

246 INT. WHITE SEDAN - CLOSE ON CONNIE'S FACE

246

She isn't sure of her direction at all, which is heightening her anxiety. She makes a conscious effort to calm herself, and for a few moments, is successful. Then, suddenly, we hear the beginning of the phone conversation she had with Norman, hear it as clearly as Connie hears it in her mind, clearly and verbatim.

NORMAN'S VOICE

Will you be coming home soon?

CONNIE'S VOICE

I was just leaving. Want anything?

NORMAN'S VOICE

Don't come home. Meet me at my mother's house.

CONNIE'S VOICE

Where?

NORMAN'S VOICE

You heard right.

247 EXT. BACK ROADS - NIGHT

247

The white sedan drives past a police car.

248 INT. WHITE SEDAN - ON CONNIE

248

She side glances at the police car and unconsciously slows a little. When she realizes she has done this, she eases up on the gas. A moment, and the phone conversation resumes:

CONNIE'S VOICE  
Why there?

NORMAN'S VOICE  
It's my birthday, isn't it?

CONNIE'S VOICE  
Sounds a little morbid.

NORMAN'S VOICE  
I'm going to hang up. And then I'm going to drive straight there. I'm expecting you, Connie.

CONNIE'S VOICE  
Norman, wait ---

The sound of the dial tone as Norman hangs up.

249 EXT. WHITE SEDAN ON HIGHWAY - NIGHT

249

It turns off and heads down a road leading into farm country. The rain gets worse; thunder and lightning turn the scene into a hellish vision.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

250 EXT. THE BATES HOUSE AND MOTEL - NIGHT

250

The place is as it looks today -- empty, derelict, dark as a wolf's mouth. The creepiness of it all is heightened by the rain, thunder, lightning, wind. Camera pans to reveal Norman's station wagon parked in front of the dark, decaying motel; right outside the office, whose door is banging in the wind. Norman is not in the wagon. He is nowhere to be seen. In advance of next shot, the sound of a car arriving.

251 INT. WHITE SEDAN

251

as Connie pulls in alongside the station wagon.

252 INT. WHITE SEDAN

252

Connie sits there wondering if she's made a mistake coming here. The place stirs dread in her. But she has faith in Norman and in the healing powers of the therapy he's had, these last four or five years. As she starts out of the car:

SHOCK CUT TO

253 EXT. WHITE SEDAN

253

Norman appears seemingly out of nowhere, an umbrella at the ready. Connie gasps, almost loses her balance. Norman takes her arm firmly, smiles reassuringly:

NORMAN  
It's only me...with my trusty  
umbrella.

254 ANGLE ON TERRACED STEPS LEADING UP TO THE HOUSE

254

Norman is guiding Connie firmly but gently; he keeps most of the umbrella over her head.

255 CLOSE ON CONNIE'S FACE

255

She looks up at the house.

256 CONNIE'S POINT OF VIEW - THE HOUSE

256

It's like looking at a wound that refuses to heal.

257 BACK TO CONNIE'S FACE

257

She begins to know fear. Her faith wavers, a fact which she tries bravely to conceal.

258 ON NORMAN AND CONNIE

258

as he leads her up the steps to the porch of the house. Once under the porch roof, he closes the umbrella, shakes it, leans it against the wall alongside the door. He does not look at Connie; he knows she will not attempt to flee. He reaches up to the frame above the front door, runs his fingers along it, finds the key he knew would be there. He unlocks the door, shoves it inward with his foot, takes Connie's arm again as he leads her into:

259 INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY OF BATES HOUSE - NIGHT

259

Norman leads Connie in and uses his foot to back-kick the door shut. Light from the storm-bright sky illuminates the place eerily; now and again comes flashes of lightning, like Fourth of July fireworks: all elements combine to make the place the quintessential Old Dark House of myth and legend. Norman starts leading Connie toward the staircase but she stops, pulls her arm free. For a moment they just stand there, Norman still and expressionless, Connie fearful yet determined. Finally:

CONNIE

I had to trick you. I hated it but  
I didn't know any other way. I love  
you so much. I wanted us to have  
a baby so much.

She waits for Norman to respond. He says nothing. But Connie can see a small anguish in his eyes. It moves her to him, her face bright with hope:

CONNIE

Oh, Norman, don't you see? We'll  
love our baby. Our love will make  
it grow up strong and healthy.

NORMAN

(soft yet fierce)  
What if I can't love it?

CONNIE

Why couldn't you? You're capable  
of love now. You love me.

It's as if he doesn't want to hear this. Brusquely he grabs Connie's arm, pulls her up the stairs with him.

260 MOTHER'S ROOM

260

Norman pulls Connie into the room, stops for a moment to look at it. All the furniture is gone. The drapes and curtains remain, but they're frayed by time and grime and torn by years of the kind of wind that is whipping them tonight. During this, Connie keeps her gaze fixed on Norman; the fear in her eyes is bright, hot. He looks at her, is moved by her fear but refuses to let himself be dissuaded by it. He pulls her deeper into the room, slams her against a wall.

NORMAN

Stay.

CONTINUED

260 CONTINUED

260

But the minute he turns away -- instinctively, Connie runs. Norman catches her easily, slams her against the wall again, harder.

NORMAN  
You don't trust me?

Connie doesn't answer.

NORMAN  
(a chilling smile)  
Uh-huh. All that faith and no potatoes.

Connie pulls herself free of Norman but then just stands there, to prove not her courage, which is virtually nil, but her faith. Norman smiles, goes to the closet, starts to open the door, finds it stuck. He gives it a vicious pull, and it bursts open. He goes inside.

261 INSIDE THE CLOSET

261

Norman drops to one knee, lifts the loose floorboard, takes from his untouched stash the big knife with which he killed Holly. Its blade is corroded by old blood.

262 BACK TO THE ROOM

262

Connie realizes that Norman can't see her from inside the closet. This is her chance to make a break for it. But her faith -- or her need to convince herself that she still has her faith -- deters her. She stands waiting, hopeful, terrified, trusting. Norman comes out of the closet, knife in hand. At the sight of the knife Connie regrets having missed her chance. A sob of terror/regret escapes her throat. Norman approaches slowly, raising the knife slowly, his face devoid of any expression, ghostly pale. The closer he comes the more terrified Connie becomes. She presses herself against the wall, breathing quickly, heavily. Norman, almost upon her, stops as he sees:

263 CONNIE'S BREASTS

263

heaving in terror.

264 BACK TO SHOT

264

Norman can't take his eyes off those breasts heaving in a kind of vile and horrific beauty.

CONTINUED

264 CONTINUED

264

The sight is arousing him sexually. When he realizes this, he is appalled. He quickly raises his eyes to Connie's face, finds her gaze transfixed on the raised knife. Irresistibly, he looks again at the breasts, and with a sob of self-disgust brings his free hand up, covers his eyes fiercely. This time Connie doesn't hesitate. She runs -- and is out of the room before Norman realizes she's gone. Rage smears his face. He howls:

NORMAN

Connie!

265 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

265

Norman runs out of Mother's room, knife at the ready, stops as he sees no sign of Connie, howls again:

NORMAN

Connnnnnnnieeeee...!

266 OMITTED

266

267 DOWNSTAIRS ENTRANCE HALL

267

Norman swiftly and silently descending the stairs, going to the front door, opening it to look out and see if Connie has got out.

268 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - FROM FRONT DOOR

268

A flash of lightning illuminates everything clear down to the motel. There's no sign of Connie.

269 BACK TO NORMAN - IN DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

269

Without shutting the door, he turns round, holds still like a hunter awaiting a scent of his prey. He heads into the parlor.

270 OMITTED

270

271 DOWNSTAIRS ENTRANCE HALL

271

No sign of Norman. Connie emerges from kitchen area cautiously, sees the front door is wide open. She hurries

CONTINUED

271 CONTINUED

271

toward it -- but carefully, in case Norman has concealed himself right outside the doorway. As she nears the door its hinges creak as it starts swinging away from the wall as if someone is behind it, pushing it. Connie reels in fright, heading back to the kitchen.

272 SHOT OF FRONT DOOR

272

slamming shut. But it was only the wind.

273 ON CONNIE

273

She holds like a trapped animal, and hears Norman rushing her way from the parlor. Without stopping to think, she spots the stairwell down to the fruit cellar.

274 OMITTED

274

275 INT. FRUIT CELLAR - NIGHT - CLOSE ON DOOR

275

Connie enters quickly, glances around.

276 PARTIAL PAN OF FRUIT CELLAR - CONNIE'S POINT OF VIEW  
FROM DOOR

276

Spotted are the old rocking chair; the taxidermy supplies table -- still on it, a few dusty chemical bottles, a can labeled KEROSENE, some rusted instruments, a couple stuffed animals; and a shadow-shrouded stairwell that leads up to an exterior cellar door and the outside.

277 WITH CONNIE

277

as she hurries toward the stairwell. As she reaches it, the doors above unfold with a shock, and Norman is standing there, backlit by a long lightning flash.

Connie screams, turns too fast, loses her balance, falls. In a flash, Norman is down the steps and standing over her, knife held high.

Connie scoots away. He lets her think she's going to make it to the door that leads up to the entrance hall. It's cat and mouse, though. Upon her again, he grabs her to swing her around. She swings low, head-butts him in the stomach. He is momentarily stunned.

CONTINUED

277 CONTINUED

277

She heads for the door, staggers as Norman comes up behind her, falls forward onto the old rocking chair.

As she turns to get up, she sees Norman standing there just staring down at her. She turns round somewhat but can't find purchase to lift herself out of the chair. Her attempts cause it to rock back and forth, back and forth.

Norman squeezes his eyes shut, lowers his knife-wielding hand, brings the other up over his mouth -- suppressing a scream which, once it starts might never stop. Then his entire body shakes as in a convulsion.

When he goes still and quiet, he opens his eyes, looks at Connie, sees less fear in her face, sees hope, some return of faith. With an abruptness more like a child's last sob of unhappiness, he flings the knife away from him. Then he reaches a hand to Connie and helps her to her feet.

278 EXT. PORCH OF BATES HOUSE - NIGHT

278

The front door is open and trembling in the wind. Norman and Connie come out. He stops, looks back into the house, makes a decision, looks at Connie:

NORMAN  
Go wait in the car.  
(explaining)  
I'm going to get rid of the past,  
Connie. For good.

CONNIE  
(anxious)  
What are you going to do?

NORMAN  
Burn this place to the ground.

CONNIE  
I'll help you.

NORMAN  
(shakes head)  
No. They're my ghosts.

Connie nods understandingly, squeezes Norman's hand as she moves to descend the steps.

CONNIE  
Norman. I love you.

279  
thru  
280

OMITTED

279  
thru  
280

- 281 INT. ENTRANCE HALL OF BATES HOUSE 281  
Norman comes up fruit cellar stairwell carrying can labeled KEROSENE, and heads for the kitchen.
- 282 OMITTED 282
- 283 FLASH SHOT OF CONNIE - IN FRONT OF MOTEL 283  
Standing outside her car and looking up at the house. A flash of lightning illuminates her worry.
- 284 MOTHER'S ROOM 284  
Norman splashes kerosene on the drapes and drips it along the floor back to the door. He goes out in the hall. A beat later, a lit match is thrown in. The kerosene ignites.
- 285 UPSTAIRS HALLWAY 285  
Norman standing outside Mother's room, silhouetted by the sudden glare of firelight.
- 286 CLOSE ON NORMAN 286  
as he turns to go he stops dead as he sees his mother standing in the hallway wearing the kimono she wore the night he killed her. It's a shocking moment; Norman lets out a cry as she reaches for him.
- 287 OMITTED 287
- 288 ANOTHER ANGLE 288  
He realizes his mother was a hallucinatory vision. He goes on determinedly. Norman splashes kerosene into his room and throws lighted matches in.
- 289 OMITTED 289
- 290 DOORWAY TO NORMAN'S ROOM 290  
Norman freezes as he hears:

CONTINUED

290 CONTINUED

290

NORMA'S VOICE  
Man of the house? You're not even  
head cockroach.

Norman reels around, sees Chet standing in the doorway from the hall wearing Norman's father's robe and those memorable boxing gloves. Chet looks so real that Norman cannot move; the heat of the flames right behind him doesn't seem to register. Chet comes right out of the room, walking steadily through smoke and firelight and smiling sneeringly:

CHEP  
What's the matter, Normie? You're  
not a girl, are you?

He swings a glove at Norman, who wheels away in fear, runs back toward:

291 NORMA'S BEDROOM - HALLWAY

291

A lot of smoke and flames up here. Norman runs this way and that, trying to escape first the flames and then an aural nightmare of voices. At first they come as taunting sounds, like catcalls and whistles; then come words, mixed together as in a psychotic blender of the mind.

LITTLE BOYS' VOICES  
Momma's little girl! Momma's little  
girl!

ELDERLY LADIES' VOICES  
Dirty whoremonger!

MOTHER'S VOICE  
Drive, whore!

CHEP'S VOICE ADDED TO LADIES  
She should've murdered you in her  
womb.

292 WITH NORMAN

292

He lurches along the hall, disoriented now, flames licking at him, smoke burning his eyes, blaring screams of his first innocent victim pursuing him:

HOLLY'S VOICE  
Oh God, no! Oh, help me, God, help  
me!

CONTINUED

292 CONTINUED

292

Suddenly Norman stops as he is confronted by the Bully Boy of his school days, who stands there hissing and darting his tongue out at Norman. In a rage, Norman goes for the boy's throat.

293 CLOSE ON NORMAN'S FACE

293

as he realizes what he's strangling:

294 THE NEWEL POST AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

294

with Norman's hand wringing it. Over this, the anguished cry of:

NORMAN (O.C.)  
No! Oh, God, help me! Connie!

295 OUTSIDE - ON CONNIE

295

She can't hear Norman's cries but she can see the house is becoming more and more enveloped in smoke and firelight. And she can see no sign of Norman having come outside. She starts quickly for the house.

296 A SERIES OF SHOTS - INSIDE THE HOUSE

296

A fast, stomach-jolting sequence showing familiar areas in the Bates house being consumed by swift-spreading flames; intercut with Norman moving through the upstairs area pursued by the shrieks of his taunters until he is backed into the closet in Mother's room:

MIXED VOICES

Don't you have any respect for the dead?  
That filthy thing of yours!  
I'm looking for a private island.  
Find the pulse.  
Squat, Momma's girl, squat!  
If this girl Marion Crane were here...  
Kid's got potential.  
Well-hung well-hung well-hung...  
Get rid of her!  
Kill her!

297 ENTRANCE HALL DOWNSTAIRS

297

A burning beam falls against the front door, blocking it. The hallway fills with evil wisps of smoke and flame; firelight coming from the flame-engulfed kitchen area.

297A EXT. CONNIE AT DOOR

297A

Connie struggles frantically with the front door. It won't open!

CONNIE  
Norman? Norman!

298 ON NORMAN

298

lying inside closet in Mother's room. Lying on the floor in the smoke-filled space, he hears Connie's muffled voice. It brings him back to himself.

299 BACK TO CONNIE - OUTSIDE

299

wildly fighting the blocked door.

She doesn't hear Norman's cry because almost simultaneously the window of Mother's room explodes from the heat of the fire.

299A RESUME CONNIE

299A

She runs from the shower of broken glass and debris above.

CONNIE  
Norman!

300 BACK TO NORMAN

300

as he emerges from Mother's flaming room, calling in a choked voice:

NORMAN  
Connie...!

As he begins to make his way down the stairway inferno, the swamp-soaked figure of Gloria shockingly flings herself out of the billowing smoke, arms wrapping around Norman, mouth covering his with a vile kiss. Over this:

CONTINUED

300 CONTINUED

300

NORMAN'S VOICE  
Swallow up everything swallow up  
everything swallow up everything....

He shoves Gloria, and she has vanished into the inferno. Still dazed by the hallucinatory encounter with the woman he buried alive in the swamp, Norman moves unknowingly in the right direction -- toward the staircase. He reaches out, feels the newel post.

He pulls his hand away from the newel post as he realizes the bannister is wrapped in flames. But he is still dazed, and unable to make sense of where he is or what to do.

301 thru 306 OMITTED

301 thru 306

307 WITH CONNIE

307

as he runs around the house, trying to find a way in, terrified that her husband is trapped within the conflagration.

308 ON NORMAN

308

He comes alert as he sees:

309 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - A FIGURE

309

coming up the stairs amidst smoke and firelight.

310 BACK TO NORMAN

310

as he watches, he hears:

MOTHER'S VOICE

Get rid of her! Kill her!

Impulsively Norman starts down the stairs, hand outstretched toward the flame-silhouetted figure. As he is almost upon her, he stops as he sees -- not Connie, but:

311 WHAT NORMAN SEES

311

It's seventeen-year-old Norman wearing his mother's wig and nightgown, his lips smeared with lipstick, his hands reaching out with a cord stretched between them.

312 BACK TO SHOT

312

with a horrified yell, Norman turns to run back upstairs, loses his balance, falls sideways against the burning banister. The banister tears loose, and Norman falls to the floor below.

313 ENTRY HALL

313

Norman lies sprawled there, conscious but with one leg trapped under the heavy oak banister, a flaming ceiling beam blocking the doorway.

313A EXT. FRONT DOORWAY

313A

Connie struggles to open but in vain.

CONNIE  
(with an anguished  
sob)  
Dear God...Norman...!

The heat drives her away from the door.

314 INT. THE ENTRANCE HALLWAY - CLOSE ON NORMAN

314

He is struggling to free his leg. He can hardly see, hardly breathe, yet he keeps struggling, his will to survive stronger than he'd ever dreamed it would be. When he manages to pull free, he is unable to stand up: the leg is badly injured. He starts moving by dragging himself, first in the direction of the front door. But that's impossible. Too much smoke and flame. And more beams are failing. He sees the same thing in the kitchen area. Then he realizes he is right alongside the stairwell to the fruit cellar. He drags himself to the stairs, lowers himself down them by hanging on to the handrail.

315 THE FRUIT CELLAR

315

filling with smoke, but still no flames. Norman opens the door by slamming himself against it.

316 OMITTED

316

317 INT. THE FRUIT CELLAR

317

Norman painfully tumbles down the stairs into the cellar, hacking on the thick, roiling smoke; the pain of his leg injury is severe. The room is filling up with smoke now; flames are licking down from the ceiling. It's a corner of hell.

With every ounce of energy and willpower that he can muster, Norman, crawling on one knee and dragging the other leg, starts for the stairwell that leads to outside -- and safety.

When he is about halfway to his goal, he stops, collapsing with a cry as he sees:

318 thru 319 OMITTED

318 thru 319

320 NORMA'S CORPSE

320

lying sprawled in the rocking chair, wearing her burial gown, no wig, her face lit luridly by flames coming through the ceiling.

321 BACK TO NORMAN

321

With a sob of resignation, he goes limp, lies there, a heap of sorrow and pain.

NORMAN  
(almost inaudibly)  
I'll never be free.

He drags himself to the steps, knocking over the rocking chair, and Mother's body falls on top of him. Frantic, he points against the wooden doors leading outside.

322 OMITTED

322

323 SIDE OF BATES HOUSE - ANGLE ON CELLAR DOORS

323

Connie rushes to the doors, hearing Norman pounding from inside. Finally, the doors burst, revealing Norman, using the last ounce of his strength to free himself.

DISSOLVE TO

324 EXT. THE BATES HOUSE - DAWN

324

The storm is over. The fire has been put out. Firemen and their equipment and vehicles are leaving. The house smolders, leaving Norman -- his leg bandaged -- and Connie alone in front of it.

325 ANGLE ON NORMAN AND CONNIE

325

He looks at her through eyes blurred with pain.

326 NORMAN'S POINT OF VIEW - CONNIE

326

blurred, and then clearing, beautifully.

327 CLOSE ON NORMAN

327

as he takes her in his arms. He smiles, and whispers:

NORMAN

I'm free

328 ANGLE ON CONNIE

328

*She shakes her head happily, tears welling in her eyes.*

329 HIGH FULL SHOT OF SCENE

329

תְּהִלָּה

333 As Norman follows Connie into the car, and she drives him home. The other vehicles are soon gone too. At last the scene is still, silent. Slowly -- almost imperceptibly -- Camera moves toward the house, heading in the direction of the window of Mother's room. We can see dawn light in the room, coming in through a hole in the ceiling. Camera reaches the window, pauses momentarily, and then moves right on into the room, crossing it in direction of the door. As it goes out into the hallway:

**DISSOLVE TO**

334 A SERIES OF SHOTS

334

תְּהִלָּה

340 thru 340 of camera roaming the ruined rooms of the Bates house. In the last shot, it goes slowly down the stairs to the fruit cellar. The door is closed. Camera stops. A long moment of eerie silence, and then, from behind the door, the shocking cry of:

**CONTINUED**

334 CONTINUED  
thru  
340

334  
thru  
340

MOTHER'S VOICE  
Let me out of here! Norman! You  
hear me, boy? Come down here! Let  
me out of here! Norman! Let me  
out! Let me out!

The words have built to a crescendo and now they become a scream. A long, shrill, mindless scream. The scream continues through the fade and beyond. A few moments after the screen has gone totally black, the scream becomes...the lusty wailing of a brand new baby.

FADE OUT

THE END